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THE WARHAWK.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the close of the seventeenth century, on a day anything but remarkable either for its beauty or its mildness, two horsemen were spurring along the then very indifferent road that skirted the banks of the noble Suir, from Carrick to Waterford. It was the month of November; the days were short, and the two horsemen seemed by their speed inclined to make the most of the daylight. On reach-

ing the summit of the steep hill, about three miles from the town of Waterford, they paused for a moment to breathe their panting steeds, and then about a dozen of well-armed attendants, who were far behind, came into view.

The two horsemen, having checked their steeds, gazed on the scene before them for a few minutes in silence. The elder of the two was a man well advanced in years, though still hale and vigorous; but the thoughts then struggling in his breast gave to his otherwise very noble features a stern and harsh expression. He wore a military undress; and on his head a broad beaver, with a single drooping feather. He was well armed; and the huge holsters on his strong roan charger carried a pair of the heavy, clumsy, horse pistols of that period.

The other rider, a tall, handsome man of some six-and-twenty years, was habited as a country gentleman, in a kind of hunting-suit of dark green. Excepting the very light sword carried by all gentlemen at that time, he was

without weapons of defence on person or horse. The animal he rode was a splendid hunter.

“I fear, my dear father,” said the young man, turning after the pause of a few moments towards his elder companion, who had taken off his beaver and cooled his heated brow—“I fear you are over-exerting yourself. Had we not better stop at this road-side hostel?” added he, pointing to one near at hand, for the hill-top had a small village scattered over its summit at that period—“We have now ridden six hours without halting; and indeed, indeed, I feel this pursuit is a vain one.”

“We must on Hugh,” exclaimed the father, almost fiercely. “I have sworn to hunt down this miscreant, or learn that he has escaped my vengeance, by ceasing to live. Let us on, then. Waterford is before us; beyond that they cannot have got as yet.”

So saying, with a frown on his brow, the stern old man replaced his hat, gathered up his reins, and urged his horse down the hill,

followed by his son and the domestics, who had then come up to them.

The young man's handsome features wore a sad and troubled expression as he rode on by the side of his sire. In less than an hour they entered the town, and proceeded at once to the best inn the place afforded. The present noble quay was not then built, and the town itself was only a straggling collection of narrow streets and mean houses. Still the river and its banks presented a bustling and pleasing appearance, from the number of vessels that lay at anchor loading and unloading.

Sir Vrance Granville, for that was the name and title of the elder gentleman, immediately on alighting, commenced inquiries after the object of his pursuit, despatching his domestics to search every house and part of the town. An hour had scarcely elapsed before his confidential servant returned with the intelligence that a lady and gentleman, with two attendants, had embarked only three hours before

they entered the town, in a small sloop, called the *Mary of Dunmore*—that the tide then serving, she had immediately got under weigh, and dropped down the river, being hired to convey her passengers to Milford Haven in South Wales.

With a look of intense mortification, Sir Vrance Granville prepared to follow on the track of the fugitives. A skipper of a fast cutter was quickly engaged to start at once for Milford; and, in less than an hour, the Baronet and his son were sailing down the Suir in pursuit of the *Mary*.

Hugh Granville made no remark, but followed his father with a secret resolution to save his sister from the Baronet's rage if he could.

A few words with respect to the fugitives and their pursuers, at this part of our narrative, is all that is necessary.

Sir Vrance Granville was a baronet of English extraction, whose Irish estates were gained

by conquest in the time of Elizabeth. These estates, situated in the south of Ireland, near Glandore, were called Castle Granville, a property adjoining Glandore Abbey, the noble domain of the Fitzmaurices. The Baronet was a kind and generous landlord, but, by nature, proud, and, at times, imperious in his manner and tone to those who thwarted his will. His youngest daughter, some few months before the imprudent elopement of her elder sister with an adventurer, who passed himself off in society as an Irish gentleman, in the Spanish service, had married the possessor of Glandore Abbey, Mr. Gerald Fitzmaurice.

Hugh Granville, the Baronet's only son, was of a widely different nature and disposition from his sire. Shocked at his elder sister's imprudent and unfortunate elopement from a gentleman's mansion in the vicinity of Cork, where she was staying on a visit, he joined his father in pursuit of the fugitives, not with the intention of inflicting punishment on the hus-

band of his sister, but to shield her from her father's resentment should they succeed in overtaking them.

The weather, as the cutter sailed down the river with the Baronet and his son, and four of their attendants, gave evident tokens of its intention of blowing hard in the night—in fact, it became so rough, on opening the bay of Dunmore, that the skipper hinted it would be better to remain at anchor under Dunmore Head for the night; but the Baronet sternly said—that if *The Mary* could keep the sea, so could they, especially as the sloop the fugitives sailed in was said to be a very indifferent sea-boat.

On rounding the Hook point, which did not then boast of a light-house, the cutter began to feel the full force of the gale—for a gale it soon proved itself to be—and drew more to the eastward, sending a cross breaking sea against the cutter's bows. After struggling for four hours against the rapidly increasing

storm, the cutter was fairly forced to turn her stern to it, and scud back and seek shelter in the Cove of Dunmore.

The Baronet and his son remained aboard ; the former greatly excited and exasperated.

The following morning, a dismasted fishing craft came into the Cove from the eastward, and anchored alongside the cutter. The Baronet was on deck, and heard the two skippers conversing about the storm, when the captain of the fishing craft said, that a sloop was lost in the gale on the Saltee's rocks, and that they knew it was the Mary of Dunmore.

“What name did you say, my man?” enquired Sir Vrance Granville, with a start and a look of great excitement.

“The sloop Mary of this Cove, your honor,” replied the skipper.

A stern smile passed over the features of the Baronet, as he heard the words of the sailor, while his son's cheek blanched as he murmured—

“ Good God ! Can this intelligence be true ? My poor, poor sister ! This is paying dearly for a moment of error.”

“ Better perish thus,” said the Baronet, “ than live dishonored, the wife of a low-born, vicious adventurer—a noted gambler, and a notorious profligate.”

Then turning to the man who had come aboard the cutter in his small boat, by the direction of the other skipper, he demanded of him how he came to know the name of the vessel lost on the Saltee’s.

“ We passed her, your honor, just a few minutes after she struck. It was broad day ; she was on a reef off the great Saltee’s, and there was a fearful sea on. We were mastless ; and while driving quite close past her under our mizen, we heard their wild cries for assistance ; but we had no power to help—for our punt would only hold two in fine weather, even had she been manageable. We knew the wreck to be The Mary right well. We could

see two females aboard ; but they were swept into the sea in a very few seconds, and perished instantly."

Hugh Granville buried his face in his hands. Even the old Baronet was moved, and looked pale and agitated, as, turning to his own skipper, he said—

"The wind is veering to the North, and lulling. 'Tis only sixteen or eighteen miles to the Saltee's, get under weigh. Hugh," he added, turning to his son, "see if you can recover the body of your sister, I shall return to Castle Granville."

Accordingly, the Baronet landed with two of his domestics, and procuring horses, rode back to Waterford, a distance of only nine miles. In half-an-hour after, the cutter was under weigh for the Saltee's. Though the wind then drew off the land—the sea was still troubled, and a heavy swell rolled in on that rocky coast.

In less than three hours, they reached the Saltee's, and landed, in their boat—thinking

some of the bodies might be washed in from the reef. The stern of the sloop was there ; and, plain enough to be seen, was the word "Mary"—in large white letters—and underneath, of Dunmore. Some spars and fragments of rope were to be seen, but no human body was found, after many hours' search. The wild tides that run round these islands, had doubtless carried them seaward or left them in its deep bed to decay.

Dejected and pained to the heart, Hugh Granville gave up his gloomly search and returned to Waterford, and thence to Castle Granville.

Though an only son and heir to large estates, Hugh Granville had, according to the fashion of the times, entered the army, and became extremely attached to the profession of arms. And though his father made some objections, yet shortly after his unfortunate sister's miserable fate, he rejoined his Regiment, and accompanied it to India. There was another

reason, confined entirely to Hugh Granville's own breast, that induced him to quit his native land for a time: he had two or three years before the opening of this tale, become attached to a very amiable and beautiful girl, but of humble extraction; which, coming to the knowledge of his haughty sire, caused a coldness and reserve in his manner that vexed the affectionate and kind heart of his son. Knowing that it would lead to a final separation with his father if he followed his inclination, and united himself with the fair object of his passion—he sacrificed his happiness to filial duty—and sailed for India.

At this period, Ireland was greatly disturbed and distracted by conflicting opinions, and parties opposed each to the other. As this tale, however, has nothing whatever to do with Irish history after these few introductory pages, we will pursue this part of our narrative as briefly as possible. It was a period of frightful crime and outrage; and the landing of King James

the Second in Ireland put a finishing stroke to the miseries that unhappy country was enduring. Even so late as the last quarter of the seventeenth century, there existed in remote parts of the kingdom descendants of the old Irish Princes, living in retirement, and still retaining, as far as lay in their power, a species of feudal state, and a dismal display of pomp in their then limited territories.

These proud, ill-treated, and impoverished chieftains, with their followers, took up arms for King James, determined to oppose the claims of William of Orange to the last extremity. Taking advantage of the troubled state of the kingdom, formidable bands of desperadoes—worse far than mere plunderers—rose into existence, committing fearful excesses, under the pretext of supporting the cause of the ungrateful James.

Glandore Abbey, the magnificent residence of the Fitzmaurice family, was then in posses-

sion of Gerald Fitzmaurice, who was united to the youngest daughter of Sir Vrance Granville, notwithstanding his difference of creed and political opinions.

On the landing of King James, Fitzmaurice was one of the very first who took up arms in the cause of the King, to whom he had sworn allegiance ; and leaving his wife and only child (a boy then nearly four years old), he proceeded to join the King, with a body of men raised and equipped at his own expense.

Sir Vrance Granville heard of his son-in-law's proceedings with a kind of apathy, into which he had fallen, two or three years after his son's departure for India. Being himself a Protestant, he would, probably—had his health and age permitted—have supported William ; but he remained in tranquil retirement at Castle Granville, with Mrs. Fitzmaurice and her child, the disturbed state of the country having induced her to leave Glandore Abbey,

and remain under her father's protection till the struggle between the two Kings was brought to a termination.

While Fitzmaurice was in Cork, equipping and arming his regiment, he received a letter from Tyrconnel, requesting him to ascertain if there was any truth in the information conveyed to him that Sir Vrance Granville was arming his retainers, and using his great influence for the purpose of opposing the cause of King William.

Fitzmaurice knew this intelligence to be utterly without foundation, and stated as much in his answer to Tyrconnel.

Rumours were rife through the length and breadth of the land, of mansions pillaged, families murdered, and villages sacked by bands of plunderers, under various designations. Fitzmaurice therefore rejoiced that his wife and child were in Castle Granville, which was a strong castellated mansion, and well provided

against the attack of any strong band of insurgents.

Thus passed several weeks; when, his regiment being ready to March, he felt anxious to see his wife and child, before he finally left the south. Accordingly, early in the morning with four attendants well mounted and armed, he left Cork, and took the road to Castle Granville.

It was a cold, dark, stormy winter's day; and Fitzmaurice proceeded at a rapid pace, the first four or five leagues of the road, when his attention was caught by the appearance of a horseman coming towards him, spurring his horse at what seemed a mad speed. As they rapidly approached each other, he recognized him at once, as his foster-brother, O'Regan, a man most devotedly attached to him, and who was charged to watch over his wife and child at his express desire. A feeling of misfortune, an instantaneous depression came over

his mind, as he recognized his faithful follower approaching at so headlong a speed. O'Regan, with difficulty, checked his horse by the side of his master ; he drew his breath with difficulty, as Fitzmaurice, in a tone of excitement, demanded the reason of such a desperate pace. But O'Regan could scarcely sit his horse, and then he saw, with a glance of dismay, that his follower's garments were deeply dyed in blood.

" Castle Granville, has been attacked, plundered ; and Sir Vrance Granville murdered !" burst from O'Regan, as, completely exhausted, he dropped from his horse—without power to finish the sentence.

This fearful intelligence had scarcely escaped the lips of his foster-brother, ere Fitzmaurice, maddened with fear and excitement for his wife and child, had plunged the spurs into his horse, while the blood forsook his cheek and temples. The startled animal flew over the road—leaving the attendants far behind ; and,

Fitzmaurice, wild and terror-stricken, never slackened his speed till the high-mettled charger fell totally exhausted before the wide-extended portals of Castle Granville.

CHAPTER II.

THE unfortunate Fitzmaurice rose from the ground, the chill of death creeping over his heart. The shades of night had fallen, and all was profoundly still. No living soul met his anxious glance, as he rushed across the wide court-yard.

With a shudder, he beheld several dead bodies lying stark and stiff, and grim in the fading light. He entered the noble hall, of which the doors had been torn from their

hinges. The dead were here also ; he then ran up the wide stairs, along a well-known corridor, while the echoes of his voice, as he shouted aloud, seemed to mock him. Then came upon his ear lamentations, and the plaintive cry of mourners' tones, so peculiar to Ireland.

Rushing into the chamber from whence came the sounds, the distracted man was soon by the side of the couch, on which lay the lifeless remains of his wife. With a shriek of agony, the widower and father, at the same moment, fell senseless with extended arms beside her he so fondly loved.

Fever and delirium followed the awakening from that fearful moment of agony. Days followed days, during which time O'Regan, who had partly recovered from his wound, watched, with devoted zeal, the master he loved so well. When reason resumed its place, Fitzmaurice rose from his bed, a wreck of former days. His father-in-law murdered, his

wife dead, his eldest son either stolen or no longer living—all that was left him—was the little infant boy—born amidst so much misery.

When Fitzmaurice was able, he demanded of O'Regan a recital of the past. He kissed the infant placed in his arms ; and, from that moment, seemed to revive to a sense of what was due to the memory of her so cruelly lost.

“Alas, sir !” said O'Regan, “I can tell you but little, nor can anybody else ; for the whole affair is involved in obscurity—I have thought of nothing else for weeks back ; but am still in the dark. You see, sir, some days before this terrible outrage took place, a report reached us, that a notorious freebooter, who sometimes went by the name of Fenwick, and at others of O'Rourke, had been seen with his gang in the vicinity of Miros's Wood. Thinking the robber might have it in his eye to plunder Glandore Abbey, Sir Vrance Granville—the Lord have mercy on his soul !” continued

O'Regan, crossing himself (for he was a devout and sincere Catholic)—Sir Vrance told me in the morning to take a dozen of armed men with me, and ride over to the Abbey and see that the men your honour left in charge of the place were on the alert. The plate and other valuables, I knew were safe, before your honour's departure; still the Abbey had attractions enough for a rascally rapparee like this Fenwick. So I started early for the Abbey; but I found the little garrison all alive, and on the look out. The windows were barred, the great gates secured, and a day and night watch kept. It was thought Fenwick's band had quitted the neighbourhood—and gone on towards Castle Townsend. Towards evening, I set out on my return, satisfied that all was right at the Abbey.

“I reached the Castle before night—saw Sir Vrance, and reported all right. At the usual hour, all had retired to rest—I was weary after a hard day's ride, and I suppose

slept sound—my chamber is in the left wing of the building, and at some distance from the principal apartments. I was suddenly startled out of my sleep by a fearful crash; and as I sprang out of bed, and rubbed my eyes, a shout of many voices rang through the building, instantly followed by several musket and pistol shots.

“Half frantic with fear and rage, I groped for my pistols and cutlass, and half dressed, rushed out through the passages. A scene of frightful confusion met my sight as I gained the entrance into the great hall. The whole space and the great stairs were covered with numbers of armed men, in the uniform of William of Orange’s soldiers, some of whom carried torches. Shouts, oaths, and repeated shots pealed through the mansion. I caught sight of the brave old Baronet, half dressed, with several of the household retainers making good the first landing-place on the great staircase against a host of furious assailants. I made a frantic rush through the crowd, shooting

a ruffian who had a musket levelled at the old Baronet. The next moment I received a shot in the side, and while I staggered forward, a blow from the butt of a musketoon stretched me senseless on the pavement.

“ When I recovered my recollection, the work of death and villany was done ; for I caught a glimpse of the plunderers leaving the Hall. I made an effort and got up, and though weak and faint, I contrived to follow the band, keeping out of sight. Not a word was spoken : they made for the banks of the creek. I counted full sixty men, and dared not venture too near ; for the night had cleared considerably. There were two very large boats, into which they got ; but I did not see that they carried any plunder with them. They pulled rapidly out of sight ; and then I staggered back to the Castle and got to the great alarm-bell, which had not been heard the whole time of the attack. But I soon perceived that the rope had been cut away

inside the building. I got at the rope outside, and pulled it with all my strength ; in a short time numbers of the terrified and half dressed peasants came in from the hamlets ; and with them several of the fishermen from Glandore. These returned and, by my directions, got their boats out and followed on the traces of the murderers.

From the female domestics I learned that my mistress, alas ! went from one fainting fit to another, and that Master Cuthbert and his nurse were both gone, and the noble Baronet murdered, besides several of the domestics. At early dawn I had a horse saddled, and though scarcely able to sit on his back, I urged him at the top of his speed towards Cork, when I met your honour on the road."

For several minutes Fitzmaurice remained with his face buried in his hands, O'Regan could see his master was suffering intensely ; but, though the kind-hearted foster-brother

felt deeply for his master's sufferings, yet it was better he thought for him to give vent to his grief than muse upon his sorrows within his own breast."

After a time, Fitzmaurice raised his head; he looked very pale and worn; but spoke calmly and in a tone of resignation, saying—

"And after my return, and during my illness, what took place?"

"Why, sir," sighed O'Regan, "when the dismal tidings reached Cork, Major O'Dowel came down here with fifty soldiers of your honour's regiment; and seeing that you were in a state of delirium—he did everything man could do to trace the murderers and ruffians, for the Major felt convinced, though they wore the uniform of William III., they did not belong to any regiment then in the kingdom. But no trace or clue was discovered on the land. The fishermen who pursued them down the river, gained sight of a large, heavy vessel under weigh, standing out from the shore, and

aboard which the villains must have got. With the strong wind blowing, the vessel cleared the island off the mouth of Glandore harbour, and was soon out of sight. Mr. Briefless, the Baronet's lawyer and great friend, came down here in a state of great excitement, lamenting bitterly the miserable fate of his kind patron. In fact, all the county gentry in the neighbourhood evinced the greatest anxiety and activity in endeavouring to hunt out the perpetrators of this daring outrage. The disappearance of Brady Sullivan, the nurse, and Master Cuthbert, astonished every one; and everything that ought to be done," added O'Regan, with tears in his eyes, "for the mistress, blessed be her memory, ! *was* done."

Fitzmaurice motioned for O'Regan to cease, and leave him—still for a time, he gave way to grief; but gradually roused himself into action. A highly respectable matron

was engaged to take care of the infant Gerald. Q'Regan's wife became his nurse; and shortly after, Fitzmaurice himself, having offered immense rewards for the discovery of his lost son, or any clue to the murderers of Sir Vrance Granville, proceeded with his regiment to Dublin. Anxiously plunging amid the scenes then acting, hoping to escape in a measure from bitter and heart-rending recollections.

Notwithstanding the great rewards offered, neither the murderers of the Baronet nor the abductors of the young Fitzmaurice were discovered.

In the then disturbed state of the kingdom—even such an outrage as the sacking of Castle Granville passed through men's minds as a dream. No leader of that period, on the side of the weak and ungrateful James II., gained a more famed name for courage and skill than the unfortunate Gerald Fitzmaurice—under the French General, St. Ruth, he received a dis-

tinguished command—afterwards forming with his regiment part of the garrison of Ballymore—next in command of Colonel Bourke, who gallantly held the place with a thousand men. He was mortally wounded in the furious assault made upon that town by General Ginckel.

Thus fell and died the handsome and gallant Gerald Fitzmaurice in his twenty-sixth year. The remnant of his regiment—mostly his own retainers and tenants—contrived to carry with them to Glandore Abbey the remains of their beloved chief. But the misfortunes of the house of Fitzmaurice did not cease with the death of its possessor; for his lands, Abbey, and tenements were some time after confiscated and fell to the Crown.

It was not till three years subsequent to the treaty of Limerick, which gave a kind of peace to unfortunate Ireland, that the son of the murdered Baronet, Sir Hugh Granville, returned to his native land. Communication at that

period, with our possessions in India, being slow and insecure, the intelligence and account of the terrible misfortunes of his family and connections did not reach Sir Hugh till a long period had elapsed, from their occurrence, Shocked, distressed, and burning with anxiety, to reach Ireland, he hurried his affairs in order to return as quickly as possible.

Sir Hugh Granville was at this period in his fortieth year. During the passage of years spent in India, he had risen rapidly in rank. At the time of his father's death he was Governor of——, and was considered by the British Government an officer of high courage and abilities. In those few years he had amassed an ample fortune in the war with those fierce tribes, the Pindarries, a most extraordinary race of freebooters, who in after years almost overran the Continent of India. In taking several of their fortresses, he had gained immense booty. But, in his anxiety to return

to England, he left his affairs in a very unsettled state, and, resigning his command, sailed for his native country.

On reaching Ireland, he was greatly amazed, for although aware of the desolation that had come over his name and race, he was astounded on finding that the Granville estates had actually been confiscated and re-purchased by an officer of King William's army. That the possessions of his brother-in-law, Fitzmaurice, should become forfeited, was easily enough imagined, on account of his adherence to the cause of James; but that the estates and property of his father, the late Sir Vrance Granville, should come under the hammer as confiscated property, appeared to him a flagrant breach of all law. Indignant at such injustice, he resolved to demand instant investigation of the affair.

Just at the period of Sir Hugh's return commenced the famous inquiry concerning the Irish forfeitures. Commissioners were ap-

pointed by Parliament to examine into the legality of these forfeitures ; though, in truth, these commissioners were delegated rather to expose the evil than from any great love of justice. Nevertheless, having consulted with his old friend and law-adviser, Mr. Briefless, Sir Hugh Granville laid his petition before the Earl of Drogheda and Sir Richard Living, both commissioners. With the Earl he was intimately acquainted.

Before taking this step, Mr. Briefless had made every inquiry possible, and sought to discover the name of the pretender to the Castle Granville estates. All he could make out was, that there was an agent who called himself Adolphus Green, that this man actually took possession of Castle Granville ; and an order was shewn to the tenants, desiring them to pay their rents to Mr. Green. But Mr. Briefless was consulted by the old steward of the late Baronet ; and by his advice he, as well as the tenants, refused to acknowledge the order,

without name of the real purchaser attached, seeing the deed of purchase, and also the act of forfeiture. Mr. Briefless declared it was all moonshine, defied the unknown purchaser, and gave notice to the agent, Mr. Green, to apply to him. But no Mr. Green came—and thus matters stood, when Sir Hugh Granville returned from India.

That justice might be done to the purchaser and others, thirteen creditors were authorized to hear and determine all claims relative to forfeited property and estates. Somewhat to the surprise of Sir Hugh and his lawyer, on a strict investigation of the case, it appeared that no forfeiture had ever been made of the Granville estates ; neither grant nor gift from the Crown ; and finally that Mr. Green and his employer were impostors, for no trace of them could be discovered.

Sir Hugh, therefore, amidst the rejoicings of his tenantry and retainers, returned and

took up his abode in the Castle. All the Baronet, and his friend and lawyer, Mr. Briefless, could conjecture about this strange attempt to take possession of Castle Granville, was, that some adventurer, acquainted with the family history, had taken advantage of the times, being so turbulent, and so little under the control of the law, forged documents to suit his purpose, intending to plunder all he could from the estate before the return of the rightful owner from India.

Sir Hugh's first and anxious wish was to see to the establishment, under his own eye, of the young son of the unfortunate Fitzmaurice, left entirely dependent on him by the forfeited estates of the Fitzmaurices falling to the Crown.

Accordingly, the young Gerald Fitzmaurice—a most promising and beautiful boy, the image of Sir Hugh's unfortunate sister—was sent for, and, with his attached attendant,

Dennis O'Regan, comfortably established at Castle Granville.

From this period, we may say our story fairly commences—having as briefly as possible related the “history” of our hero’s unfortunate parents.

CHAPTER III.

TIME passed happily and quietly in Castle Granville ; Sir Hugh bestowed every care and attention on his nephew, having formally adopted him. The youth's unfortunate name of Fitzmaurice was dropped, that of Granville substituted, and Sir Hugh regarded Gerald as his future heir.

The country now began to enjoy a little repose, after the storms and tumults of the preceding years ; many of the gentry returned to their homes ; and Sir Hugh visited and invited

several he formerly knew to his hospitable and then splendidly kept-up establishment of Castle Granville. One of the Baronet's first acts, on the return of tranquillity to the surrounding country, was to circulate through the towns and villages in the South of Ireland, offers of high rewards for any clue to the perpetrators of the outrage committed at Castle Granville, and also a large reward for any intelligence relating to the lost child of Fitzmaurice, and his nurse.

But twelve months passed over without these offers and tempting rewards meeting any attention ; and finally Sir Hugh was about to abandon all thoughts of discovering any trace of the lost child, when one morning he was surprised by receiving a letter, containing the following lines—

“ Honored and respected Sir,

“ Seeing a paper posted in the town of Skibbereen, offering a large reward for

any intelligence relating to the villains as murdered your honor's father—rest his soul—Glory be—Faix, I began to wish I did know where to put my fist upon them, as the reward is very tempting; but I don't, your honor. But I do know something of the lost child and his nurse. How I comes to know it is neither here or there; but I know where to find them; and if your worship's honor will only agree to my terms, and they are easy enough—I will swear to shew your honor where the child and the nurse is this blessed moment, alive and hearty—faix, and a fine boy he is—as like his father—his soul to glory—as two peas. For certain reasons best known to myself, all I ax is to be axed no questions; and that your honor will pass your word neither to detain me or molest me; and that when I take you to where you will find your nephew—and your worship is satisfied he is in truth your nephew—that your honor will pay me on demand one hundred gold guineas.

“Waiting your honor’s answer to this, which please to direct—to Phelim O’Toole, Post Office, Skibbereen—

“I remain, till death,

“Your honor’s humble servant to command,

“PHELM O’TOOLE.”

Sir Hugh Granville read this curious epistle twice over, and then remained several moments in deep thought. At first he felt inclined to consider it an audacious attempt at imposition ; and then the memory of past events came forcibly across his mind ; and connecting one circumstance with another, he began firmly to believe there was an unknown and implacable enemy to the families of Granville and Fitzmaurice. The different commanders, serving with their regiments in the South of Ireland, distinctly and indignantly denied that any order was ever given for attacking Castle Granville ; and though O’Regan was positive

that the assailants wore the uniform of some regiment in King William's army, yet he himself felt convinced they were not regular soldiers; and often said he considered them part of the band of the rapparee O'Rourke, *alias* Fenwick, both names, no doubt, fictitious ones. Yet, who this enemy could be, completely puzzled him; for he had never heard of any feud existing against the Granville family, or the Fitzmaurices', for centuries back.

The abduction of the elder child of the unfortunate Fitzmaurice had always been a matter of extreme surprise and conjecture. He could not, in his own mind, see any possible motive for it. The confiscation to the Crown of Glandore Abbey, and the large estates adjoining, left the orphans completely destitute. Had the boy been stolen for the hopes of a great reward being offered, that object would have been effected long since.

These and many other thoughts passed through the mind of Sir Hugh, till at length

he resolved to write an answer to the curious letter he had before him, but first of all he summoned Dennis O'Regan, whose attachment and devotion to the young Gerald had increased ten-fold, as he grew in years. Sir Hugh himself greatly admired the honest, straightforward, character of O'Regan. At this time Dennis was in his thirty-fourth year, with a fine open countenance, and a frame and constitution of iron.

"Well Dennis," said Sir Hugh, as O'Regan entered the room, "here is something at last, in reference to my lost nephew."

O'Regan's eyes opened to the widest extent, while the baronet read aloud the letter he had received.

"Phelim O'Toole," he muttered, several times; "never heard of him. Be gorra, your honour, it would'ent be a bad plan to catch hold of this Phelim. Depend on it, he's one of the villains under a false name. If I had only a grip of him, what a squeeze I would give

him ;” and he held out a hand, as if in the act of laying hold of the said Phelim O’Toole, large enough and muscular enough for a giant.

Sir Hugh smiled, saying—

“ We must act, Dennis, with caution. If this fellow is an impostor, and I have scarcely any doubt but that such is the case—but, supposing, for instance, that he leads us to find this nephew of mine, lost so strangely and mysteriously, do you think you recollect that boy sufficiently to identify him ?”

“ Faix, Sir Hugh, there’s little fear of mistaking a Fitzmaurice or a Granville,” replied O’Regan, “ I am sure, your honour, I would know the poor boy in a moment.”

“ By-the-bye, I wished to ask you some particulars respecting this nurse, who disappeared at the same time as my unfortunate nephew. Who was she ? and what kind of character did she bear ?”

“ Well, your honour,” answered Dennis, rubbing the back of his head hard, according to

his usual custom, when doubtful how to commence a speech, "as to who she was, that's easily told; but faix, as to character it's not so soon made out. She is the daughter of Phadric Sullivan, your honour, and a smart handsome lass she was—light of heel, and, be gorra, for the matter of that, light of tongue, and that was not the worst of it."

"It surprises me then, Dennis," said Sir Hugh, "if such was her character, how she came to be selected as the nurse for the young heir of Fitzmaurice."

"Why you see, sir, old Phadric Sullivan was a faithful and favorite retainer of my poor master and his daughter. Brady was, as I said, a very tidy handsome colleen. She married while staying in Cork with an aunt—some said an English soldier—others said he was no soldier—but an Irishman and no mistake, and a smuggler to boot.

However, what ever the rascal was, and indeed there was no making out the truth of her

story, he deserted her. Brady Sullivan, for she insisted upon being called her own name, came back to her old father, with a little girl two months old. My poor mistress, glory be around her ! just then gave birth to master Cuthbert, and was taken so very ill that it was impossible for her to nurse her baby. Old Sullivan's daughter was on the moment thought of, and sent for to take charge of the child ; and the boy took so to her, and she looked so neat, clean, and well-tempered, that when the mistress got better some months or two after, she seemed quite pleased she should remain and nurse the child, especially as Brady's own little girl was carried off with the measles ; and thus, your honour, she remained till the night when the villains attacked the castle. Now whether she was caried off with the child, or went of her own accord, who can say ? Be gorra, your honour, it's a mighty strange piece of business altogether ; and this fellow calling himself Phelim O'Toole, from

Skibbereen. I don't know any O'Toole in that part of the country—there's none of that name in these lands, he's sure, your worship, to be one of those villains."

"Still Dennis," said the Baronet, after a moment's thought. "I think I will agree to that fellow's proposals. We can take care he does not deceive us about the boy."

Accordingly, Sir Hugh took pen and paper and wrote an answer to the said Phelim O'Toole, agreeing to his proposals, desiring him to beware how he tried to deceive him, and to name an early day to proceed on their intended expedition.

Two or three days after sending this letter to Phelim O'Toole, directed to the Post Office of Skibbereen, the Baronet received most important letters from India. After a careful perusal, and several hours thought upon the subject contained in them, he came to the resolution of making a voyage to India, and

settling his affairs there by converting his eastern possessions into money.

Determined to lose no time, he mounted his horse the following day, and attended, only by O'Regan, proceeded to Cork, to consult with his old friend and law-adviser, Mr. Briefless. This gentleman was a lawyer of considerable eminence, and much esteemed by all persons with whom he was acquainted. He was a bachelor, some five-and-forty-years of age, gave excellent dinners, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Silvertongue, was not only a remarkably genteel person in manner and dress, but a most buxom, tempting dame withal; and one who managed her master's house and kept his establishment in first-rate order—was famous for her dinners, and a great favorite with all the lawyer's guests. In person, Mr. Briefless was short, but in singular good condition; was considered to have a very good leg, which he was very particular in showing to the best ad-

vantage, cased in a tight black silk stocking, the fashion of that day. His wig was matchless; and his round, shining, high-coloured, good-humoured countenance was always carefully divested of every trace or symptom of beard.

Mr. Briefless received his friend and patron, Sir Hugh Granville, with sincere cordiality; and Mrs. Silvertongue received orders to prepare a dinner in her best style—an order the good dame willingly obeyed, for Sir Hugh was a great favourite—and it's not all visitors are favourites with favourite housekeepers, especially bachelors' housekeepers.

Mr. Briefless with considerable surprise read the letter which the Baronet had received from his Skibbereen correspondent, Phelim O'Toole.

“Now this rascal, for there's no doubt about that term,” said the little lawyer, after a few moments' consideration, “is evidently acquainted with the villains who committed the

fearful outrage at Castle Granville, and is himself, perhaps, one of them. The whole affair is singularly mysterious. Suppose, Sir Hugh, you were to seize this fellow, and imprison him on suspicion—eh?”

“That would not do, my old friend,” said Sir Hugh; “I have promised, in my letter, to hold him scatheless, and I must keep my word, though, as you say, he may be one of the villains. Still I can have a strict watch upon him, and O’Regan is certain of recognising the fellow, if he ever beheld him before. Besides, he promises to lead us to a certain place, where we shall find not only my nephew, but the nurse Brady Sullivan. Now, my good friend, this woman must know something of the villains that carried her off, and who have detained her these last six or seven years in custody.”

“Always provided, Sir Hugh,” interrupted the lawyer, “that the said Brady Sullivan, whom O’Regan describes as rather a suspicious

person, is not associated with one or other of the parties concerned in that vile outrage."

"I have thought of that myself," said the Baronet, thoughtfully; "but we can say little on this subject till we test the truth of this Master O'Toole's proposal. If an impostor is attempted to be put forward, as Cuthbert Fitzmaurice, surely it will be easy to detect him; for it is reasonable to suppose that some likeness will be traceable of the families he springs from. However, my dear friend, I came here on other business. I intend returning to India to make a final settlement of my affairs there. This voyage and business, if prosperous, and if it pleases Providence to spare me, will occupy at least a couple of years. I wish you to come to Castle Granville for a few days. I know you cannot spare much of your valuable time; but two or three days will do for me to make my will, and settle my worldly affairs in this

country. I wish to find a tutor for Gerald—a gentleman on whom I can in every way depend. He shall have an ample salary ; and, if possible, I should prefer a gentleman educated for the church.”

“ I know the very person, Sir Hugh,” interrupted the lawyer, with much vivacity of manner, and looking anxiously in the face of Sir Hugh. Then, in a low tone, he added, “ The gentleman I mean is Mr. Harmer.”

The Baronet started, looked down for a moment with a sad and thoughtful expression of countenance, saying—

“ Mr. Harmer ! the husband of poor Ellen Ramsey ? Yes—he is a gentleman in every respect—pious, kind, benevolent—”

“ And poor,” added the lawyer.

“ Has he any family, my kind friend ?” inquired Sir Hugh, after a short pause.

“ None,” returned Mr. Briefless. “ His little girl died shortly after I wrote to you at

Calcutta, mentioning her poor mother's fate; I little thought the dear child would so soon follow, and your generous intentions thus be frustrated."

"I will write to Mr. Harmer," said the Baronet," and request him to visit me on my return from this expedition, which, I trust, will not turn out a bootless one."

The next day Sir Hugh returned to Castle Granville, and two days after received a letter, in reply to his, from Skibbereen. It was from Phelim O'Toole, and contained the following lines:—

"HONORED SIR,

"I received your Honor's letter, and write to say, that I will be ready to conduct your Worship to the place where you will find your nephew and the nurse who had the care of him when an infant. On Thursday next I will be on the road between Castle Townsend

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and Skibbereen, waiting for your honour by the stone cross at Courtmakilty.

“Trusting fully to your Honor’s word,

“I remain,

“Your humble servant to command,

“PHELM O’TOOLE.”

Sir Hugh, instantly prepared to set out the following morning early, attended by O’Regan and four well armed domestics.

Crossing the narrow arm of the sea that divides Glandore from Castle Townsend, they continued along the then most indifferent bridle-road that led from the hamlet of Castle Townsend to Skibbereen.

At the period of our tale, there existed through the western parts of Ireland, but very little traffic or trade of any kind. The communication between town and town was very inconsiderable, the roads were wretched, the

land miserably cultivated, and the houses of entertainment for man and beast few, and, in truth, far between. Smuggling and illicit distillation seemed the only trades or occupations that flourished along the entire of that wild coast, from the old bluff head of Kinsale, to the mouth of the Kenmare river. The houses of landed proprietors were scattered at wide distances from each other; and here and there on wild and picturesque spots, might be seen those strange, grey old towers, rising in solitary grandeur and remaining to the present day—monuments to puzzle our minds with conjectures, as to what their original purpose was.

Sir Hugh was but little acquainted with the scenery of his native land; and he looked around him with surprise and regret, seeing no sign of agricultural labor for miles.

The road led along a wild and irregular coast, but possessing great natural beauties and many advantages. Innumerable islands

lay scattered at various distances from the shore, forming harbors and shelter to coasters. Immense long inlets indented the land. Each creek, at the present day, has its busy and populous little town; but then they were the resort only of millions of water-fowl, undisturbed except by the daring smuggler, who ran his little vessel within those creeks for safety from the stormy gales of the broad Atlantic.

The travellers were slowly approaching the gigantic stone cross of Courtmakilty, and Sir Hugh was looking anxiously round for the expected Phelim O'Toole, when O'Regan pointed out to the Baronet an individual perched on a rock, sitting swinging his legs, and whistling a popular air with great composure.

"That must be our man, Sir Hugh," said O'Regan, eyeing the individual in question keenly; "and a great, red-headed, ugly beast he is, if that's Mr. Phelim O'Toole."

Sir Hugh reigned in his horse close beside the stranger, and then perceived on the other side of the rock a short, thickset pony, with long grey hair, twisting in every possible direction. Neither saddle nor bridle decorated his back or head ; but a strong, twisted hay rope was looped over its nose.

Sir Hugh looked at the man, who ceasing his whistling, said in a broad Irish accent—

“ God save your honour !” touching his extremely dilapidated hat at the same time, but not offering to stir from the rock.

In doubt whether this was his man or not, the Baronet said—

“ Perhaps, my man, you may be able to give me a little information.”

“ Musha, maybe, your honour, and it’s welcome you’ll be any time.”

“ Do you know any one called Phelim O’Toole in those parts ?”

“ Is it Phalim O’Toole, your honor ?” repeated the man, jumping from the rock, and

whistling, which brought the pony to his side in a moment. "And, may be," he added, taking off his hat, "your honor is from Castle Granville. If so, sure I'm Phalim O'Toole, at your honor's sarvice."

And in a second he was seated on the back of the sturdy little beast beside him.

"Well, this *bates Banagher* altogether," muttered O'Regan, rubbing his head hard, which he always did when perplexed. "If it wasn't for his carotty head, and the brogue the big brute has—I'd say, 'Mr. Phalim O'Toole, I've seen yez afore.' But I'll be after keeping a pair of eyes upon you."

"And now, your worship, I'm at your service," said Phelim.

"And pray, my man, where do you intend guiding us?" asked Sir Hugh.

"First to Bantry, your honor; and then, by hiring a small smack, we can reach Bear Island in three hours, or less."

"Bear Island!" echoed Sir Hugh, with

considerable astonishment; "why it's an uninhabited tract of land in Bantry Bay."

"Faix, just the place your lordship; but as to uninhabited, by my *sowl* there's *plinty* of inhabitants. It's just the finest place in ould Ireland for tasting a drop of the creature in its pure state. It's wild, to be sure, now; but if your honor saw it in the times of the O'Connors—the great O'Connors of the West—when they kept the sporting tower on the Island. Och, my sowl, your honor, all the morning you might hear the cry of the hounds and the blast of the horns; and all night long the shouts of songs and revellers. But, ochone! those days are gone, and so is the race of the once mighty O'Connors too. Come up, you devil's darling," he shouted to his pony, who tripped over a stone, "and don't be stopping now to make your devotions. There's Skibbereen, your honour, just ahead of you. I suppose you'll give the beasts a feed, and then we may reach Bantry before night."

Whatever Sir Hugh thought of his guide he kept it to himself; but he certainly had a very poor opinion either of the man's honesty of purpose or his veracity.

O'Regan appeared as if plunged into a labyrinth of thought, though, every now and then, he made great efforts to get a full glance of Master Phelim O'Toole's features. This he could not conveniently get; for the man kept well in front, and his long, lank, red hair hung over his face, and even on his shoulders. Strange images of times and persons passed through O'Regan's mind. Still he could not fix the impression made at the moment upon any individual.

It was late that night when they entered the then miserable town of Bantry. The following morning, a light and fast-sailing boat was hired, and the whole party embarked for Bear Island.

This Island, now a tolerably well cultivated tract of land, lies within a mile of the western

side of the noble and magnificent bay of Bantry. Towards its southern end, it rises into mountainous elevation. The channel between the Island and the western shore, forms one of the finest harbours in the united kingdom. It is above nine miles in length, and nowhere exceeding a mile across. The access is easy, and of considerable depth of waters and the distance from the town of Bantry is about eighteen miles.

The sail from Bantry to Bear Island, along a most picturesque coast, passing the entrance into Glengariff bay, with its hundred beautiful Islands, wooded to the very edge of the limpid water, afforded Sir Hugh much pleasure. The views during the whole way were beautiful. The noble bay of Bantry without, capable of holding the largest fleet in the world, was then as calm as a lake, the wind blowing gently from the north-west; the wild and singularly picturesque mountain forming its eastern shore, with Bantry at the foot of

a hill, well clothed in wood, and protected from the swell of the ocean by Whiddy Island, and with the broad Atlantic to the south, altogether formed an unequalled panorama. To Sir Hugh, the three hours occupied in reaching Bear Island, were passed in pleased contemplation of the scenery.

Phelim O'Toole pointed out the spot to land. The boat was brought to an anchor, and the party went on shore. As they proceeded up the side of a steep and rocky hill, Sir Hugh called to his guide to come to him.

Phelim O'Toole was a big and powerful man—with stooping shoulders, whether natural or assumed, Sir Hugh could not say—he had a slovenly look and manner; appeared to be nearly forty years old, with strongly-marked features, and cunning and malicious dark eyes—which were quite in contrast with his deep red hair and beardless face. He stood with his eyes bent on the ground, twirling his hat, and fid-

getting with his great feet, as if bent upon destroying a piece of rock that lay under them.

“Listen to me, sir,” said the Baronet; “you have my word that neither myself or servants shall question or molest you. I will fulfil my part of the contract. But, hark ye,” and the Baronet laid his hand on the silver-mounted butt of a pistol, which he carried in his belt, “if any treachery is intended, you will be the first victim—now, lead on.”

For an instant, Phelim boldly raised his head, to look Sir Hugh in the face. As he did so, the long, lank tresses of red hair fell, for a moment, off his face, and his countenance was more easily seen. When he raised his eyes, they encountered the fixed and anxious look of O'Regan, who was standing close behind the Baronet, and a strange and malignant expression passed over his face; the next instant, dropping his eyes, and hastily pressing his hat on his head, he muttered—

“Never fear, your honour, ‘honour bright,

all the world over.' I'm as true to my word as a king," and he passed on before.

O'Regan drew a deep breath, and then whistled—a long and very meaning whistle it was. He then rubbed his head very hard; and, finally, muttered to himself, as he followed Sir Hugh—

"Glory be to the Saints! I think my senses is coming back. I heard Sir Hugh tell of those Indians scalping Christians. By my soul, I'll try and scalp you, Phalim O'Toole, or my name's not Dennis O'Regan. Och! wait a bit; if I don't change the colour of your hair, my darlint, you may *ait* me!"

CHAPTER IV.

After gaining the summit of the hill, the party paused—for the ascent had its difficulties.

“There, your honour,” said Phelim O’Toole, pointing to an abrupt, rocky mound, at about half a-mile distant, “there is the place where your nephew, young Master Cuthbert Fitzmaurice, is confined. That is O’Connor’s Tower.”

“O’Connor’s Tower!” repeated the Baronet ;

“and, pray how many inhabitants may it contain?”

“Faix, your honour, I know of none save the Nurse and the child, and the keeper of the tower—old red-headed Rory; he may not be willing, your worship, to open the door to strangers; but it is very easy making him—or breaking it open ourselves.”

They soon reached the tower, built on a very commanding eminence. The view, from its site, was of singular beauty, and of immense extent. Vast heaps of rubbish and stones, to a considerable extent strewn round the tower, shewed, that in former times, the building had been of some pretension. The door, leading to the interior, was a strong, oaken one, covered all over with knobs of iron, and crossed with bars of the same metal. No other entrance was visible, and the few windows were at a considerable height.

Phelim picked up a ponderous stone, and commenced a series of blows quite sufficient to

stave in any ordinary door. After a few seconds, the head and shoulders of a man—the head covered with a much more abundant crop of red hair than our friend Phelim's—was thrust out from a loop-hole, some twenty feet above the door; and a voice, savage and discordant, demanded, in Irish—

“What the devil brought them there—and who were they?”

“Ho! ho!” muttered O'Regan, as he cast a glance up at the speaker; “another beauty with a carrotty poll! Let us in, honest man,” added he, “and keep a civil tongue in your head.”

“Duoul!” shouted the man; “I'll show you civility. Take yourself out of that, or take this,” and he thrust the muzzle of an enormous blunderbuss out of the loop-hole, drawing his head in at the same time.

This formidable weapon was anything but pleasant to look at—and Sir Hugh's domestics thought so also; for they at once sprang behind

a broken wall, leaving their master and O'Regan exposed to its contents.

Without a moment's hesitation, O'Regan drew a pistol from his belt, and catching a slight glimpse of the man's head, fired.

With a yell of defiance and rage, the fellow drew the trigger of the blunderbuss; and a loud ringing report followed. But O'Regan had dragged the Baronet well under the wall. As to Phelim, he stood his ground quite coolly, and was untouched. With an oath, he lifted an immense mass of stone and hurled it at the door with such force as to burst the lock, and the door flew open.

"The big brute's no coward, at all events," muttered O'Regan, as he followed his master into the tower. The servants came on, looking anxiously round for fear of a second discharge of the same formidable weapon. A winding staircase presented itself; and up this the Baronet went, followed by O'Regan, neither noticing that Phelim O'Toole did not, this time lead the

way. The first landing place presented to their view, two solid doors, bolted outside with iron bars.

“Look out Dennis, for that rascal with the blunderbuss,” said the Baronet, as he drew back the bolts of one of the doors, attracted to it by a loud knocking within, and voices shouting to open the door.

Sir Hugh immediately threw the door open, and beheld a boy, and a woman holding him by the hand. The Baronet started back a step; for, short as was the glance he took of the boy's face, he was struck with his striking likeness to the Granville family.

As soon as the woman beheld Sir Hugh, she clasped her hands together and threw herself on her knees, uttering sundry ejaculations in her native tongue, while the boy stood boldly gazing from one to the other in wonder.

O'Regan, with his mouth open and his eyes distended, remained, leaning his hands upon his

knees, gazing at the boy and the woman half stupified.

“Sure then, by the powers, that’s Brady Sullivan herself, and no other,” burst from O’Regan. A wild cry from the woman, and up she sprang ; and, throwing her arms round the neck of the startled Dennis, she hugged him vehemently, exclaiming—

“Och hone, och hone ! we are saved entirely. The dear child is found at last by his friends,”

“Many thanks to you, Brady Sullivan,” said O’Regan, “for your caresses,” taking her arms from around his neck, with no very pleased expression of countenance. “Faix, may be there’s one here,” and he looked around him ; but his countenance changed as he beheld only the two servants of Sir Hugh.

“Where’s that red-headed rascal, O’Toole ?” he anxiously demanded.

“Never mind him now, Deunis,” said the Baronet, “his part of the contract is finished.

If I conjecture rightly, you will see him no more.

"You know this woman," continued Sir Hugh, to O'Regan. "Who is she?"

"Who am I your honour?" echoed the woman, turning quickly round and dropping a low curtsey. "I'm Brady Sullivan, Sir Hugh Granville, for such I suppose is your honor's name, judging by your likeness to my poor ill-treated boy here." Placing her apron to her eyes, and sobbing, she continued, while the Baronet kept his gaze upon the handsome, unabashed features of the boy. "The Virgin be praised and glorified! I'm released after six years' imprisonment to this old tower and the land about it."

"There is no denying the great likeness," said Sir Hugh, as if communing with himself, and little heeding the good-looking Mrs. Brady Sullivan. "Come here, my good boy," added he, seating himself, "come to me."

The boy came frankly and willingly; and

put his hand into that of Sir Hugh. Pushing back the curls from his forehead, the Baronet gazed anxiously into his face. He was a handsome child—with dark curling hair, fair skin, and dark, expressive eyes; and for his years—not more than ten—bold and unabashed in manner and look.

“And so, they say, you are Cuthbert Fitzmaurice. Is it so my dear boy?”

“Yes,” replied the child, fearlessly, “I am Cuthbert Fitzmaurice. Who else could you take me to be? Nurse Sullivan always said I was Gerald Fitzmaurice’s son; and she ought to know that nursed me.”

“And, musha!” cried Mrs. Sullivan, clasping her hands, and facing Sir Hugh, “who is it but your own blood-nephew? As I have a soul to be saved,” and she crossed herself, “and may my death be one of misery and pain, but I speak the blessed truth, Sir Hugh Granville. For six long years have I nursed him; and now, murder! to see with the like-

ness strong on him, his own uncle disowns him."

"Arrah, woman, be easy, interrupted Dennis. "How would you his honor should know a child he never saw?"

The Baronet waved his hand to silence O'Regan. Then, looking steadily into the face of Mrs. Brady Sullivan, he said calmly, in a kind tone—

"You mistake me, my good woman; so far from disowning this child, I have come a long distance to claim and restore him—should I become convinced of his identity—to the place to which his birth and my affection will entitle him."

"God bless your honor for those words! And it's proof and plenty you shall have. Sure, every stitch of his clothes, from the hour of his birth to the present, are all safe with me and under lock and *kay*. And sure Father O'Mara will tell you all about it."

“And who is Father O’Mara?” demanded Sir Hugh.

“The priest, your honour, who for the last three years—came here three times a week, and taught my darling to write and to read, glory be to the blessed saints who sent him to us in our troubles! He gave us all them books,” pointing to several on the shelf, “and told us a day would come when we should get our rights. And it *has* come a lana ma chree!” And she took the boy in her arms, and kissed him.

“What an unnatural *baste* I am!” muttered O’Regan to himself with his eyes devouring the boy, who returned his gaze with singular boldness. “I thought once that if ever Mr. Cuthbert was found, I’d *ate* him for joy; and now—there he is—at least they say so; and, by gorra, he’s mortal like the Granvilles; but I don’t see much of the Fitzmaurices about

him. He's a fine boy, too, though, faix, there's a bit of the devil in him."

All this O'Regan kept muttering to himself, while Mrs. Sullivan was opening a trunk and showing the contents to the Baronet—

"Where is this priest, Father O'Mara, to be found?" demanded Sir Hugh.

"Oh, then I wish I could tell your honor, answered Mrs. Sullivan. "But sure they would never tell me anything. They made me take an oath upon the blessed cross."

"Who do you mean by *they*?" interrupted the Baronet.

"Why, the villains as stole us out of Castle Granville, your honour, and carried us here," replied Mrs. Sullivan, "I never knowed one of them, and that horrid rapparee, Rory, who has charge of the tower, never let us out of his sight.

Sir Hugh examined the trinkets and several articles in the trunk. There was a small, beautifully-executed picture of the child's mother

also. In fact, although the whole affair was most strange and perplexing, the Baronet had no doubt about the child being his nephew, Cuthbert. The likeness was too great to be the mere effect of chance; then, the age of the child, his being with the very woman that nursed him—altogether he felt satisfied he was not imposed upon.

“There is no use in lingering here,” said the Baronet, to O'Regan. “How is it, Dennis? you do not seem so overjoyed as I thought you would be. Have you any doubt about the boy?”

O'Regan rubbed away at the old spot on his head, and looked singularly perplexed. At length he said—

“Why, your honor, I don't doubt but he's Master Cuthbert. He's as like your blessed father as can be, I don't deny it; and he's like his mother. But, faix, I can't make out any likeness to his father.”

Sir Hugh smiled, saying—

“It’s not every child, Dennis, that’s like its father. There, take the boy, and shew him some kindness. You once loved and fondled him. You will come to do so again.”

O’Regan approached the boy; but, with a childish look of scorn, he turned away to his nurse, saying proudly enough—

“Keep your civility, till it is asked for. I want none to help me, as long as I have my nurse.”

Dennis whistled, rubbed his head, and looked at Sir Hugh, who only smiled, saying—

“Come with me, my dear boy. If you are good and affectionate, I will love you, and be a second father to you. Let us be moving now. We can converse on our way. Mrs. Sullivan, my man, will help you to move these things. Have any of you seen that fierce fellow with the blunderbuss?”

“No, Sir Hugh; we searched the whole tower, and there’s not a soul in it, nor an

article worth a shilling. Nor can we find Phelim O'Toole."

"Ho, ho! just as I thought," ejaculated Dennis. "Pray, Mrs. Sullivan, asking your pardon, have you any kind of acquaintance with a Mr. Phelim O'Tool?"

Sir Hugh was descending the stairs with the boy in his hand; and Mrs. Sullivan was following, when O'Regan asked the question—

"Phelim O'Toole?" echoed Mrs. Sullivan.

O'Regan saw her color change—at least he thought so. However, she replied rather tartly—

"Phelim O'Toole? What should I know of such a person?"

"Faix, Mrs. Sullivan," returned Dennis, "I thought he might be a blood-relation of the blackguard that left you and your baby to want. but for your ould father."

Mrs. Sullivan paused on the last step, and turned her face, the colour of scarlet, upon

Dennis. Her eyes flashed fire, what she would have said we know not; but at that moment Sir Hugh turned and called her, saying—

“Take charge of this boy, Mrs. Sullivan; and you, Dennis, see these trunks carefully carried down to the boat.”

Mrs. Sullivan hastened to take her charge; while O'Regan began cording the trunks, chuckling to himself, and muttering—

“By my conscience, I hit the right nail on the head. Och, musha, that I had hold of you, Mr. Phelim O'Toole! It's a queer busiuess; it's surely Mr. Cuthbert; and still it's not; but, by gorra, I'm losing the little sense I had.”

Leaving Sir Hugh to proceed with his party to Bantry, and there prosecute, as far as it lay in his power, the inquiries he felt bound to make, respecting his nephew and Father O'Mara; we will, in our next chapter, follow, for a short time, the footsteps of Master Phelim O'Toole.

CHAPTER VI.

APPARENTLY very busy, with the heavy brogues on his feet, Phelim O'Toole watched, without seeming to do so, the whole party as they ascended the winding stairs into O'Connor's Tower.

No sooner out of sight, than a low chuckling laugh broke from his lips; and stepping out of the passage, he crept close to the tower, by the side of a long, broken, dilapidated wall; and then, getting under the shelter of a low, thick hedge, he rapidly pursued his way down

the steep hill into a rocky ravine. Under the shelter of a huge rock, sat a man, who sprung to his feet when he caught sight of Phelim, saying in Irish—

“So, you gave them the slip.”

“Faix I did, Rory;” for it was the man with the blunderbuss that spoke first; and beside him, sure, enough, was the same formidable weapon.

“And by the law,” added Phelim, “you didn’t lose time yourself, Rory.”

The man laughed.

“Didn’t I give them a blaze of the old piece, Dennis, or rather,” (making a mock bow) “Master Phelim O’Toole? More’s the pity there was only powder in it, I’d a settled the ould heretic at all events.”

“Be gorra, you would,” replied O’Toole; “but the master says it aint time. Have you a drop of the creature about you, Rory?”

“Och, Musha, did you ever see me without it, eh?” responded Rory, drawing out of his

huge frieze coat a very respectable leather bottle, and handing it to Phelim, who took a hasty pull. Then, throwing his hat to the ground, he raised his hand to his head, and lifted from thence a thick wig of red hair, disclosing a cropped head of black hair.

Rory, the red head, for *his* was a natural one, laughed—

“Be my sowl, Phelim, they spoilt your beauty for a time cropping you; I’d never know ye, with that handsome coloured wig on ye.”

“Ye ugly omadhaun, ye,” laughed Phelim; “I wouldn’t have that foxy head of yours for a thrifle. But ye weresaying no one would know me. Ycs, one did; duoul have me, but I’ll pay him off yet. That cursed O’Regan from the first suspected me; and, at last, knew me—I saw it in his eyes; but, *Nabocklish!*” And the black eyes of Phelim sparkled, and he clenched his hand hard.

“But, even so, Phelim,” responded Rory,

“they can make nothing out of it. Let us, however, be moving ; the master is watching for us, I’ll be bound. It’s going to blow hard too, by the look of the sky ; and we must get the War-hawk out of the bay before it sets in.”

Following the course of the wild ravine for more than a mile, they emerged into a thick, entangled plantation of dwarf oak and sycamore. At length they came out on the summit of a steep bank, and beneath them lay the sea.

In a singularly picturesque cove, or little bay, nearly hemmed in by lofty and precipitous ranges of rock, lay, riding at a single anchor, a long, low lugger, of some one hundred-and-forty, or so, tons burden. The little bight was perfectly sheltered from the long groundswell that was then running into Bantry bay, from the south ; the fine sandy beach, on one side of the cove, but little disturbed by the gentle

rolling in of the tide. Hauled up on that beach, was a long-boat; and about fifty or sixty yards from this boat, close up to the rocks, were about sixteen men, stretched out upon the sand in various attitudes of rest. A fire had been kindled between four large stones, over which hung, suspended from three oars, a huge iron pot, the contents of which a man was stirring with a large iron fork.

Rory and his comrade gazed down upon the party beneath, with much evident satisfaction, and then cast a look to seaward. Huge masses of dark, copper-coloured clouds, touched by the rays of the sun, were rising heavily and slowly to the south-west; and fitful gusts swept at times across the waters of the bay, curling the waves with foam, and then dying away in the distance.

"We shall have a sneezer from the sou-west, Phelim," said Rory; as he prepared to descend the steep rocks into the cove.

They soon reached the sand, and were re-

ceived by the party with various witty remarks, and sundry oaths, ejaculations, and questions in a breath.

“Duoul, one at a time,” said Phelim, and taking a peep into the iron pot, and snuffing up its contents with evident satisfaction; “where’s the captain, boys?”

“I thought ye would have met him,” said a short, broad, hard-featured man, in a thick pea-jacket and trowsers. “He’s been on the look-out. Ah! there he is, coming down the rocks.”

Phelim looked up, and, seeing the person he called the captain descending a narrow, crooked path through the rocks, he went forward to meet him.

“You’re welcome, Phelim; all right, eh?” said the captain.

“Well, pretty well, sir,” replied O’Toole; “but, by the powers, it was a near thing with me, in spite of my fine foxy head, and the loss of my whiskers.”

“Sir Hugh did not recognize you, surely?” interrogated the captain. “Indeed, I do not suppose he ever could have seen you before.”

“No; no fear of the Baronet,” answered O’Toole; “I was safe enough there. But that d——, suspicious, black-whiskered rascal, O’Regan, found me out. At least, I think so; but I didn’t stop to inquire, but took French leave after I got them into the tower. By the immortal powers, if you had let Rory put a few slugs into the old buss, he’d have settled the Baronet’s hash altogether.”

“I told you before, Phelim,” said the person styled captain, and speaking sternly, “it would not do now. It would frustrate all my plans. However, if the boy passes, that’s everything—if Brady don’t botch it.”

“Is it my little woman botch it?” said Dennis, for such was the Christian name of him we have called Phelim O’Toole. “Never heed her. There’s not her equal for acting from this to Ballinafad.”

"All's right then," responded the Captain ;
"but we must get out of this at once. There's
a gale coming in from the sea—and a heavy
one too by the look of it. A King's cruizer has
just ran in under her foresail to Castletown,
and there's a small armed cutter under Whiddy
Island—so there's no use in lying in this bay,
and, if the gale lasts, be caught like a fox in a
trap." The Captain as he spoke, moved on
towards the men.

A few words respecting the person styled
the Captain. He was a tall, powerful man, in
age about thirty-four. His features were
perfect—in fact, remarkable for their beauty ;
his eyes, hair, and beard were raven black ; and
yet, though handsome in form and feature,
there was "a lurking devil" in the bold,
piercing glance of his eye, that left a painful
feeling in the beholder's mind. Lines of
stormy passion could be traced in the deep
marks along the broad massy forehead ; and

there was no mistaking the curl of the lip and the flash of the dark eye.

In less than an hour the whole party upon the beach, including Master Phelim and Rory, were aboard the lugger, the anchor up, and spreading the two double-reefed lugs to the rapidly increasing gale, she glided gracefully and swiftly into the broad swelling waters of the bay. After several tacks, she weathered the eastern head; and slacking her sheets to the boisterous wind, then collecting its powers for its work of devastation, left a foamy track behind her, as she bore away for the long, low promontory, or rather succession of rocky islands that form Cape Clear.

It was dark night as the lugger ran in between two small islands, rounded under the lee of the largest, and dropped anchor for the night; protected at least from the wild sea without, though the fierce and stormy gusts burst over the low island with the roar of thunder.

Sir Hugh Granville, in the meantime, reached

Bantry. The more he looked at the boy, who readily won upon the kind-hearted Baronet, the more he became convinced he was in truth his nephew. Mrs. Sullivan's account of her abduction from Castle Granville was by no means either very clear or very satisfactory. She was carried off, she said, with her infant charge, by several men with crape masks—or faces blackened; placed first in a boat, and afterwards in a vessel, and finally deposited in O'Connor's tower, under charge of Red Rory. And that was all she knew of the matter. She and the boy were allowed as much air and exercise without the tower as they pleased—always under the eye of Rory. The last three years they had been visited by Father O'Mara. Now, though Sir Hugh made all manner of inquiries in Bantry, no one knew anything of a Father O'Mara in those parts.

Obliged to be satisfied with Mrs. Sullivan's oaths and protestations, and being himself convinced of the striking likeness of the boy to his

own family, the Baronet returned to Castle Granville, resolved to acknowledge Cuthbert Fitzmaurice, to leave him an ample independence, but in no way to alter his previous intentions in regard to his favourite and well-beloved nephew, Gerald.

Shortly after Sir Hugh's return, Mr. Briefless arrived at the Castle with Mr. Harmer. They were kindly welcomed by the Baronet, who felt highly pleased with the appearance and manner of the latter, who at once consented to take charge of the two boys.

Mr. Briefless listened to Sir Hugh's account of his journey with considerable surprise and interest. Having seen Cuthbert, he at once agreed that the likeness was too striking to doubt the identity of the child. Nevertheless, the entire affair was a very perplexing and distressing mystery. He could very plainly see that the whole was a well planned and organised scheme; but who the actors were, and what could be their ultimate object, it

was in vain to conjecture. At all events, Sir Hugh was resolved to banish it from his mind for the time, having much pressing matter in hand previous to émbarking for India.

Mr. Briefless drew up Sir Hugh's will. To his nephew, Gerald Granville Fitzmaurice, though the latter name was dropped by the express desire of the Baronet when he adopted his nephew, he left the entire of his property at home and abroad, with the exception of ten thousand pounds to his new found nephew, Cuthbert Fitzmaurice. Several handsome legacies were devised to faithful servants, and a generous gift of five thousand pounds to his old and esteemed friend, Mr. Briefless.

The will was written, signed, sealed, witnessed, &c., and placed under lock and key. The key was left in the care of the worthy lawyer.

All this being done, and Mr. Harmer comfortably established in Castle Granville, Sir Hugh took a most affectionate leave of little

Gerald, and a kind one of his nephew Cuthbert, and sailed for England, whence he shortly after embarked for Calcutta.

Before leaving Castle Granville, he had a long and earnest conversation with Dennis O'Regan. This faithful follower of the Fitzmaurices was strictly enjoined to keep a careful watch over the two boys—to note and mark whatever might occur of any importance—and to keep a watch upon Mrs. Brady Sullivan's proceedings; whom the worthy Baronet had now comfortably established in a neat cottage in the vicinity of the Castle—to see if by chance she held any communication with master Phelim O'Toole, whom O'Regan positively affirmed was no other than her husband. He never had any acquaintantance with him—nor did he in fact know his real name. There was always a mystery about the man; but he was pointed out to him several times in Cork, and he never forgot a face he once saw, if he wished to carry the likeness in his mind; and,

for certain reasons, he had looked hard at Brady's intended husband when pointed out to him.

From one cause or another, the delays in changing and investing money, in disposing of property and law matters, three years passed over before Sir Hugh Granville was able to sail from the shores of India for England. Imagining each month would be the last, and changing from place to place—the long period of his absence passed over without his receiving a single particle of news of the family he had left behind him.

At length, he sailed with his secretary. This person had made himself extremely useful to Sir Hugh during his stay in India, and in the management of his somewhat intricate affairs. So much so, indeed, that he gladly accepted his offer of accompanying him to Europe.

The return of the Baronet to Castle Granville was hailed by his tenantry with wild joy. Fires were lighted ; and, in the vicinity of the

mansion, tents were erected, and feasting and revelry became the order of the day. O'Regan was constituted lord of the revels. He loved his master, and would have considered it a disgrace if he were to allow one of his boon companions to quit the table until their heads should become too heavy to support. The consequence was, that mother earth received them to her maternal bosom in a happy state of insensibility. Many to wake with various penalties for their vanished pleasures.

O'Regan himself, who had a head of iron, was in the act of sweetening his thirteenth tumbler, when his only remaining companion, (that is upright one,) with a heavy sigh of regret, and a very mystified look at the master of the revels, allowed himself quietly to sink to the ground; for the banquet was held under an ample marquee.

Dennis O'Regan passed his hand across his eyes, trying to look steadily at his falling

friend. It was a look of pity with something of contempt in it.

"Ah," muttered he, "so you are going also, Tim Murphy. Well, well! musha, how easily the head of you takes to the sod. Faix, Tim, I thought you a better man than to be floored with a dozen tumblers of this beautiful liquor, and not more than a gallon of strong ale at dinner. Och, hone! I'm left alone with myself, and it's not morning yet!" And Dennis quietly sipped his thirteenth glass, now and then nodding over the table. "Faix," resumed he, "how green the lights are burning! Be easy, Tim. What a musical feature you have in the middle of your face! It's an ugly drone you have, any how; and stooping to give a slight kick to Tim, he lost his balance, and fell over his companion. "Bad cess to your ugly phiz!" he grumbled, as he regained his seat; "what an effect it had on my head! quite upset my centre of gravity, as Master Gerald's tutor would say. Well, here's health

and long life to the families of Granville and Fitzmaurice."

And off went the tumbler ; and then, with a knowing nod to his snoring companions, O'Regan staggered out of the tent, though not without sundry falls over his prostrate friends.

Sir Hugh Granville, in the meantime, had embraced his nephews with all the warmth and affection of a kind and indulgent parent. Gerald he loved as a son ; while the engaging manners of the young Fitzmaurice—his extremely prepossessing features, and docile disposition, gained him golden opinions from all acquainted with the family.

At this period, Gerald was in his tenth year, and Cuthbert in his fourteenth. They were both very handsome boys, but of a totally different character, disposition, and appearance.

Mr. Harmer, their tutor, a man of not only gentlemanly exterior, but possessing a most kind and amiable disposition, soon acquired,

over the high-spirited Gerard, perfect controul, and at the same time gained his sincere affection. He improved rapidly under Mr. Harmer's tuition; but with Cuthbert, he found much more difficulty, both in controlling his wayward temper, and in getting him to receive instruction in any way. Young as the boy was, to Mr. Harmer he always appeared as if he was studying a part; and altogether affecting a tone and manner foreign to his natural temper and disposition. Even at his early age he was subject to violent fits of passion, and quite reckless upon whom he vented his fury, when thwarted in any favorite purpose or pursuit.

As he grew up, he became proud, arrogant, and self-willed; so much so, that Mr. Harmer despaired of ever gaining any controul over him. Still, when he *did* study, he was quick, and evinced considerable talent; but he had no assiduity.

Though four or five years younger, Gerald kept pace, if not distanced his brother in their

studies. But that which pained Mr. Harmer more than anything else in the conduct of his elder pupil, was his evident, and not to be mistaken, dislike of, if not hatred to, his brother Gerald.

Though mild and gentle in disposition, Gerald possessed, for a child; a singularly steady and unshrinking character. He promised, in person, to be a much more powerful man than his brother, though Cuthbert was tall and well-built for his years.

Such were the brothers at the period of Sir Hugh's return from India; and such the sketch Mr. Harmer gave the Baronet of his nephews.

O'Regan, a day or so after the rejoicings had ceased, and all things had dropped quietly into their usual routine, made his appearance in the Baronet's study.

"I see, O'Regan, by your countenance," said Sir Hugh, "that you have something on your mind that troubles you. Now that we

have all got quiet, and into regular household tranquillity, I have time to listen to you."

"In truth, your honor," began O'Regan, "I was anxious to unburden my mind; for some things have taken place, during your honour's absence, that bewilder me; and, perhaps, your honor will be able to make something more out of it than I can."

"Well, sit down then, Dennis, opposite to me," said Sir Hugh, with a good-humoured smile. "A man cannot tell a long story standing, so out with your confession; for I suppose you scarcely require Father Murray's assistance."

"No, faix, your honor. I made a clear breast of it last Saturday—glory be to God, the good man let me off easy. But what I have to say now, concerns your honour only." And seating himself on so extremely small a portion of the chair that the Baronet expected it to turn over every moment, O'Regan commenced his story.

“ You know, Sir Hugh,” said he, “ how, from the very first, my heart rebelled, as it were, against my young master’s brother, and the reason—”

“ Never mind the reason now, Dennis,” interrupted the Baronet, “ but get into the pith of what you have to say at once.”

Dennis rubbed his head, got nearer the edge of the chair, and began again.

“ As game-keeper and wood-ranger to your honor, I made it my duty, after your departure, to pay strict attention to the woods and the new plantations on the river. About six or seven months after your departure, as I used to return by the side of the wood near the old ruined church, I constantly met Brady Sullivan, to whom you gave the snug cottage and garden to live in rent free. At first, I didn’t mind meeting her so far from her cottage, and in so lonely a place ; but after a time it struck me as mighty odd. So one evening, overtaking her as she was making

the best of her way home, I says to her, 'It's a beautiful evening, and mighty pleasant for walking; and you seem, Mrs. Brady, to be very fond of that recreation; only, as it's a lonely place—'I likes lonely places,' says she, cutting me short, with a toss of her head; 'and if I wanted company, I'd choose better than black Dennis O'Regan.' And so tucking up her gown, in reason of the briars on the path, she flounced off with herself. 'Musha, Brady Sullivan,' says I, calling after her, 'I'm no blacker, after all, than the chap as left you and your baby to make the best of it.' 'I wish he was by to hear you, you pitiful fellow,' says she. 'Just then, your honor, pop goes a gun in the woods; and off goes the bark of a tree close by my lug; and then a great shriek from Mrs. Sullivan, who took to her heels.' 'Faix,' says I, 'somebody's poaching after the deer. So I cocked my gun, and began searching the wood all through; but not a soul could I find; and then it struck me that the shot could not

have been meant for a deer ; for I remembered I had turned all the deer, a few days back, into the High Park.

“Then I thought, ‘may be, some of the poachers might have a spite against *me* ;’ and, be gorra, it wasn’t a bad thought. So, all of a sudden, I took it into my head to watch in the ruins of the old chapel, and try and see what Mrs. Brady was about ; and, knowing the old ruins much better than most people in these parts, I hid myself in a niche half built up ; and from it I could see any one coming into the ruins ; for I suspected it was to the old chapel Brady Sullivan came to meet somebody.

“I watched a whole week for nothing ; but at last, late in the evening, for I changed my hour, I heard some one pushing aside the brambles at the old door way ; and in another moment in walks a man in a great frieze coat, down to his heels, and a big handkerchief tied over his neck and half his face, with a hat stuck far down his forehead, so that I couldn’t

make out his face at all at all. 'Musha,' says I to myself, 'how careful you are of yourself!' The man sat down on a big stone, with his back to me, and very quietly takes out from under his coat—a huge horse-pistol, opens the pan, and examines the priming, whistling a tune quite coolly all the time. Presently I heard a female voice outside, say, 'are you there Dennis?'

"'Och, murder!' says I to myself, 'is it me she wants?' for I knew the voice to be Mrs. Sullivan's; and devil a weapon had I, for my carbine was too long to bring into the hole where I was, and I had left it in another place. But the man, when he heard the row; said, out loud, 'Yes, here I am, Brady. There's no fear.' Turning round, and taking his hat off, and throwing it on the ground beside him, I saw his face plain enough; and, by the powers, Sir Hugh, there he was, the red-headed villain, Phelim O'Toole himself, with this difference,

his carotty poll was gone, and a grizzly black head was before me instead."

"Ha!" exclaimed Sir Hugh Granville, as if interested at last. "Are you sure of that?"

"Sure!" echoed O'Regan, in a triumphant tone; when, forgetting how very slight a foundation he rested on, he came to the floor, chair and all.

"I thought that would happen, Dennis," said the Baronet, laughing. "Take a better seat, and go on again."

Dennis, with his fine manly face, the color of scarlet, laughed at his mishap—took his master's advice with respect to the chair, and continued:—

"I was sure of its being Master O'Toole as I am of your honor. However, in walked Mrs. Brady. 'Musha, why the dickens, Brady,' says Phalim, or Dennis, 'why, didn't you come to the ould spot?' 'Because,' says Brady, 'that meddling blackguard'—'saving

your honor's presence—she meant myself—
'has been watching me this week back—ever since you were foolish enough to take a shot at him.' 'Ho, ho !' says I, 'my blessing on you, Master Phalim, do I owe you that?' 'Foolish, you call it,' says Phalim ; 'here's another for him,' says he, taking the pistol, 'if he crosses my path again. But I tell you what, Brady, you must pack up your traps. We must shift our quarters. The good ould times of the rapparrees is gone by. We must cross the water : that last job of the master's isn't likely to answer. The master's off after to-morrow ; but he wants to see and speak to the boy first ; so tell him to be here to-morrow, at dusk. But come out of this place. I don't like being cooped up here like a bagged fox.' So then they both goes out of the chapel into the wood.

"I was dumfounded, your honor, though I couldn't exactly tell the true meaning of all I had heard. But it struck me at once—that the boy meant was Master Cuthbert ; and that,

perhaps, after all, he wasn't Mister Gerald's brother."

"This is very strange, Dennis," said Sir Hugh, thoughtfully. "But did you contrive to hide yourself the following evening?"

"I was there sure enough, your honor. I gave out I was goin over to Glenross, and took a great round and got into my hiding place early in the day. But I hadn't the luck to hear all I might have heard, by reason of the sleep—bad cess to it—that came over me. But your honor shall know all I did hear. As I sat for hours squeezed into the niche, thinking and thinking, the sleep came over me; when suddenly I was roused by the sound of men's voices, close under where I lay. I awoke with such a start, that I knocked a piece of mortar out of the wall. 'What's that, *father*?' were the first words I heard. And you may be certain; your honor, I became as quiet as a startled mouse, and applied my eyes to the hole. Musha, it was almost dark, save a

narrow streak of moonlight, that entered through the ould window; and in that light I saw standing leaning on the broken altar a tall figure of a man wrapt in a large mantle, with a slouched beaver on his head. Close beside him (he was plain enough to be seen) stood Master Cuthbert Fitzmaurice. As I said, the first words I heard were—‘What is that, father?’ ‘Never heed such trifles, boy,’ said the tall man. ‘Stones and mortar will fall in ruins. You must pluck up more nerve, and not quake at a shadow in moonlight, or start at a noise. Listen to me once more; for you are out long enough. You wish to come with me; but that cannot be. Play out your part; but beware how you betray yourself to the keen eyes and observation of that puritanical’—yes, that was the word, your honor—‘puritanical hypocrite, Mr. Harmer. You have a bright prospect before you, William, if you have patience. That prying rascal, O’Regan, must be silenced. If Dennis had been sober the

other day, he would have spoiled his spying. But he is easily removed.' 'Am I?' said I to myself—'Blood and ouns, we are not dead yet.' "

"Well, I am rejoiced you are not, O'Regan," said the Baronet, smiling; "no one would regret a faithful follower more than I should you. But what came next, Dennis?"

"Thank your honor! God bless you and yours!" exclaimed the warm-hearted domestic, with emotion. "Well, sir, the stranger went on to say—'Though your passing as the elder Fitzmaurice has not fully answered my expectations, yet you must continue here till Sir Hugh comes back. Things may happen that will create a change.' 'Would there be any harm,' said the boy, anxiously, 'if I were to shoot that old villain, O'Regan, some day when we are out shooting? It could be made to look like accident. He is always saying Gerald will be a better man and a better shot. I could hit *him* anyhow.' 'Musha, God speed

you,' says I; 'but I'm your match now.' 'You had better not meddle with O'Regan,' said the stranger, laughing; "it would do no good at present. But now you know fully how to act. Let your dislike of this favorite of Sir Hugh, Gerald Granville, as he is to be styled, sleep awhile. The time for action is not yet come.' So saying they moved out from the chapel. I was dying for a look at the stranger, and I hastened to creep out of my hiding-place and run round, trusting to chance to get a glimpse; but they were clean gone, which ever way they went. And now, your honor, I've done. I have not spoken a word of this to any human being. I first intended to tell Mr. Harmer; but then I thought what good could come of it? It's not right to speak to strangers of one's master's secrets—so I kept a keen eye on Master Cuthbert, and waited till your honor came back. And now, Sir Hugh, what does your honour think?"

Before the Baronet could reply, there was a

violent noise without the door, and Mr. Harmer's voice was heard speaking calmly to some one. The next moment the door opened, and that gentleman appeared, holding young Cuthbert Fitzmaurice, but with a sudden and violent jerk the passionate boy released his arms, and turning round, fled down the stairs, and was out of sight in a moment.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. HARMER, entering the study, apologised to Sir Hugh saying that, on passing towards his own room, he, to his great surprise, caught Cuthbert kneeling by the door with his ear to the key-hole. As this was not the first time he had detected the young gentleman in a mean and servile act, he thought to check him for the future, by exposing him to the censure of his uncle.

The Baronet, dismissing O'Regan, requested Mr. Harmer to be seated, as he

wished to have half an hour's conversation with him.

Sir Hugh then made Gerald's tutor acquainted with the particulars that he himself had just heard from O'Regan. Mr. Harmer—already acquainted with the manner in which Cuthbert Fitzmaurice became a member of the Baronet's family, and also with the previous history of the Granville and Fitzmaurice families—listened attentively; but was by no means so astonished as the Baronet expected.

“I have often, Sir Hugh,” replied Mr. Harmer, “pondered over the circumstances relating to the finding of the supposed Cuthbert; and, at last, suspected the existence of some deep laid scheme. The proofs given of the boy's identity were extremely doubtful; indeed, mostly depending on the veracity of a woman whose character, even in early life, was none of the best; and whose conduct, after your leaving this country, became extremely irregular.

Then her sudden departure, under pretence of visiting a relation residing in Cork ; and, from which, she has not yet returned. All these circumstances, combined with the strange character and temper, and singular conduct of the boy himself, have led me to the conclusion that he is an impostor."

"But you must confess, my dear sir," said the Baronet, in a doubtful tone, "his strong likeness to my family. He is most uncommonly like my eldest sister's portrait—that hangs in the picture gallery."

"Yes, there is certainly a strong likeness," returned Mr. Harmer ; "a freak of nature, not altogether unprecedented. I am, as you yourself know, acquainted with the melancholy history and fate of your elder sister. Suppose," continued Mr. Harmer, thoughtfully, "suppose she did not perish, as you were led to believe, and that this youth, after all, might be your sister's child. Pardon me, if I pain you, Sir Hugh ; this is only a sudden idea of

mine. Why it came across me, at this moment, I cannot say."

"No, no ;" said the Baronet, who started and changed colour, when Mr. Harmer mentioned his sister—"no ; I am satisfied my unfortunate sister perished. The vessel they sailed in was seen by six witnesses to founder with every soul on board. However, what puzzles me now is, how to act with respect to this boy, after this strange discovery."

"Suppose, Sir Hugh," replied Mr. Harmer, "you were to send him to a public school, and, afterwards, to get him a commission in the army. Time may unravel much of this mystery."

"Your idea is good, my dear sir," said the Baronet.

But Sir Hugh's generous intentions were, before night, completely upset ; for the supposed Cuthbert Fitzmaurice returned no more to the castle, and was no where to be found ; nor could the slightest trace of his flight be

discovered, though the Baronet sent O'Regan, and several domestics, well-mounted, to pursue him; but, though they took different routes, none returned with any intelligence of the fugitive.

The greatest astonishment was excited in the minds of all concerned or acquainted with the singular appearance and disappearance of the boy. But, like every thing else in this bustling and changeable world, after a time, it ceased to be a subject of wonder and gossip.

Sir Hugh every day became more attached and devoted to his nephew Gerald—who was universally beloved. Resolving to spare no pains with his education, he determined—while Gerald proceeded with his worthy tutor to Oxford—to go and reside in England, and select a residence in the vicinity of the University.

It sometimes entered the mind of Sir Hugh that Gerald's life might be endangered by those secret enemies.

Though he said little on the subject to Mr. Harmer, when he mentioned his sister's fate, yet he often thought over that gentleman's opinion. Could it be possible, after all, that his sister did not perish? After the most diligent enquiries, he could never learn the real name of her husband. As to the one of Fenwick, which was that used when he hired the sloop Mary, he felt satisfied that was an assumed one. Altogether, the good Baronet felt pained, and grieved, at the mystery that enveloped the early history of his family.

Having resolved to reside for a few years in England, he made his arrangements accordingly; to the great regret and sorrow of his attached tenantry.

Mr. Gardener, the name of the secretary who had accompanied Sir Hugh to India, and in whom he felt the greatest confidence, was left as agent, or steward, over the properties—Mr. Briefless to act in case of any law transactions. With his nephew, and tutor, O'Regan, and half-

a-dozen old servants, the Baronet sailed for England, and having found a most desirable and beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, with extensive grounds belonging to it—Sir Hugh became the purchaser.

The Baronet and his nephew were delighted with their new residence—an easy distance from Oxford, and adjoining the domain of Lord Althorp—a nobleman with whom he rejoiced to renew an acquaintance, first commenced at the University of Oxford. Lord Althorp was also highly pleased with his distinguished neighbour. Besides this advantage, Sir Hugh was gratified to find he was within eight miles of a most esteemed friend and brother officer—a Captain Somerville—whose singular adventures in India, were the subject of much conversation at the time of Sir Hugh's residence there. The two friends congratulated each other on becoming such near neighbours. Mrs. Somerville—an inhabitant of India from her early years—had been extremely beautiful

in her youth. At this period, she was the mother of four fine children.

Having thus established the Baronet and his nephew—the one at Deer Hurst, the name of the Baronet's villa, the other at Oxford. We must pass over a period of six years, and introduce our hero to our readers—on the completion of his one-and-twentieth year.

Mr. Harmer had accepted the office of Sir Hugh's domestic chaplain, with a very munificent salary for life; for the Baronet entertained, for him, a sincere friendship. In fact, in the course of years, he had become so accustomed to his society, that he looked upon him more as one connected with the family—than otherwise.

Great rejoicings took place both at Deer Hurst, and upon Sir Hugh's estates in Ireland, on Gerald Granville's attaining his one-and-twentieth year.

At this period, the reign of Queen Anne, it

was much the fashion for young men of family and fortune, to enter the army as volunteers, holding a nominal rank ; and thus serve for two or three years.

Gerald had very early evinced a strong desire for a military life ; and, at length, through the persuasions of Captain Somerville, Sir Hugh consented to part with his adopted son and heir, for a short period.

“ You shall make a campaign in Flanders, Gerald,” said the Baronet, one day after dinner, when he and his friend, Captain Somerville, and Gerald sat enjoying their claret, in the saloon, looking out upon the Thames, and the lovely scenery on both sides of this classic stream. “ I will furnish you with letters to the Duke of Marlborough, and also to a distinguished officer holding a high command under him. Colonel Delmar—an old brother-officer of mine. We served together in India ; you may remember him, Somerville ; he was

major of your regiment, when you served in Mysore."

"Yes, I remember him, well, Sir Hugh," replied Captain Somerville; "and a gallant and a high-hearted fellow he was. He was with me in the Deccan, at the time I was so singularly entrapped by the Princess, or Begum as they are stiled in Hindostan."

"By-the-bye, Somerville," said the Baronet, "you put me in mind of a promise you made me a long time ago; and which unforeseen circumstances prevented your fulfilling."

"Ah, I guess what it is, Sir Hugh," returned the Captain; "a narrative of my adventures in Mysore, eh?"

"The very thing. My nephew will be delighted with your singular story; and any account of the wild tribes of the Deccan is sure to captivate his romantic disposition. But mind, my dear boy," added the old Baronet, in an affectionate tone and manner, and laying

his hand on his shoulder—"though I have consented to let you play the soldier in Flanders for a year or so, there must be no rambling and wandering over the wide sea—to have a glimpse of the grim warriors of the continent of India."

Gerald laughed, saying—

"I will be quite content, dear uncle, to serve under our glorious Duke. I promise to ask no further favor in that way. And now, Captain Somerville, you will give me the greatest treat in the world, in listening to your adventures. India is as yet almost a *terra incognita* to me; and the little I have read of our conquests there, has greatly excited my curiosity.

"Well," returned the Captain, "you shall have my personal adventures at all events; and as they brought me in contact with a very extraordinary man, who is now making his name famous in Hindostan, they may perhaps interest you; especially as this is a remarkably

wet evening, even for our uncertain month of June."

Captain Somerville then began.

But we must commence his story at the opening of chapter, not at the close.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN SOMERVILLE'S STORY.

I WAS only nineteen, began Captain Somerville, when I landed on the continent of India—a Cornet in a distinguished Dragoon Regiment. I must pass over—for my story would be too long—the four first years of inactive service—and come, at once to the period when our regiment, in which I was then a lieutenant, with several companies of infantry, was marched into the Deccan to the aid of the Nizam.

The first battle we were engaged in, was on the great plain lying below the great fortress of Poorunder. Besides the British forces, there were several tribes of the Deccan, and a strong force of cavalry, under some noted Mahratta chiefs. It was a new and magnificent spectacle to me. As we continued some time stationary, anxiously waiting for orders to advance—our eyes eagerly following every turn and change of the battle—my attention was attracted by a body of cavalry, equipped in the chivalrous costume of one of the many tribes of the Deccan. But what most astonished me was that the body of horsemen was led into the field by a woman—a Mahratta Princess. They spurred furiously across the plain—with wild cries, and gallantly charged a formidable body of the enemy's infantry. The horses they rode, though small, were fiery and difficult to restrain. The men were all vested in coats of mail, formed of links of iron chain, which covered their entire persons to the knees. At the back,

this chain armour was divided, and fell over their horse's flanks. Their head gear was, however, various—some wore helmets; others, iron skull-caps; and many turbans plated with steel. The heads of their horses were defended by plates of iron, and even of silver. As they charged, they fired their match-locks without any regularity; and then, slinging them behind their backs, dashed on with their long spears in charge.

I kept my eye on the Princess, when Major Delmar rode up, and immediately we received orders to charge the Rajah of —, whose cavalry, who had just then attacked the Mahratta Princess.

Away we went upon the Rajah's horse at a terrible pace. Down went man and steed before our heavy horse. But in the *mélée* I got separated from my troop; for several bodies of infantry and cavalry had rushed to the spot, and a terrible contest, common enough in our Indian wars, ensued.

“While fighting and struggling through the mass, I came up with the Begum, dismounted, and fiercely contending with two warriors splendidly armed, who were dragging her off the field. With a cut of my sabre, I forced one of them to let go his hold of the Princess. In an instant, the other seized the bridle of my steed, and with a violent jerk, threw him on his haunches.

The blow I intended for this worthy's skull, he caught on a small circular shield of rhinoceros-hide, plated with steel; and, in return, drove his sword into the neck of my poor horse, who, plunging madly, fell backwards, leaving me dismounted and in a rather ticklish situation; but I was unexpectedly reinforced by the Princess and several of her troop who had arrived to her assistance—nevertheless, we had a fierce and desperate struggle for our lives; and should shortly have finished our career, but for the timely arrival

of a colour-sergeant of infantry, and about fifty or sixty soldiers or sepoys.

I had received one or two flesh wounds; but not very severe. Just then the remainder of the Begum's regiment made their way into the presence of their chieftainess, by whose orders I was at once supplied with a horse; and, in a few moments more, we got clear of the contest. I was just able to sit on my saddle, and no more; so I rode slowly towards our camp—the Princess by my side.

As soon as we were clear of the field—for she was slightly wounded herself—she addressed me to my surprise in extremely good English—she declared she owed me her life; and that her gratitude was great.

I had then time to examine this amazonian Princess. The splendid dress she wore set off a remarkably fine figure to great advantage—she did not appear to be more than two or three and twenty. Her complexion was not

very dark : indeed I have seen many a brunette much more so. Her features were decidedly handsome, and her dark eyes were as brilliant a pair as ever dazzled our sex. Yet, strange to say, her expression of countenance was anything but pleasing.

When arrived near the camp, after some trifling remarks and conversation, she bade me farewell in a very amiable and warm manner.

“Adieu, sahib,” said she, “you will hear from me again—pray accept that horse till I send you one better calculated to carry your weight into the field.”

I was certainly no very light weight, even at that period, being over six feet, and strongly built. The Begum then waved her hand, and galloped off followed by her troop.

Though my wounds were not very severe, they nevertheless kept me confined nearly three weeks. During that time, the Princess Onjein, as she was styled—it being the name of

the territory over which she ruled—sent me a splendid Arab, and a richly-mounted brace of Mahratta pistols as presents; also a purse of gold mohurs for the colour-sergeant, who so opportunely arrived to our assistance.

Major Delmar and my brother-officers, bantered me a good deal about the conquest I had made of the princess; gravely advising me to offer her my hand, and thus become a powerful chief of the Deccan. I only laughed; but time proved that, though I had no intention of making love to this Indian princess, she had taken it into her head to make love to me.

By enquiries, I heard some curious particulars of this Begum. She was a widow, some said, for a second time; and it was supposed that she had poisoned one of her husbands, and made away with the other in a fit of frantic jealousy. One of her husbands was said to have been an Englishman; but no one knew his name.

Some time after, our regiment was ordered

to Meerut, where the Princess Onjein was residing in a handsome mansion—I had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with her, for she mixed freely in the English society then. However, to shorten this part of my story, it ended in the Mahratta Princess letting me know, that she would accept the offer of my hand. This Indian mode of proceeding rather astonished me. I nevertheless politely declined the honour.

Almost immediately after this, the Princess quitted Meerut; and, in a short time, my brother-officers having ceased to quiz me, I forget all about the affair. A few months subsequently, I was ordered, with a detachment of our regiment, to a place some distance from Meerut, on account of a sudden breaking out of fever, attributable to the hot winds that prevail at Meerut.

We had an hospital erected on the banks of a nulla, or small stream, which ran through our encampment; and our tents were pitched

in a cool and pleasant situation, within a few coss of the valley of Dhoon. Those of our officers whose constitutions admitted of the pursuit, enjoyed themselves in hunting in this fine valley, which extended to within about ten coss of the territory of the Princess Onjein. I was myself extremely partial to field sports, and therefore was one of the most ardent in following up those pastimes.

The extensive valley of Dhoon had every variety of game within its limits. Its thick and impervious jungles sheltered the royal tiger, and other wild and ferocious animals. The valley had also charms for the lover of the picturesque.

One day standing by the entrance of my tent, I observed a Hindoo come up from performing some ablutions in the stream, and walk towards my tent. Though the sun was then at its greatest power, the man's head was bare. He was of a tall imposing figure, which was

seen to advantage, as his only covering was a slight cotton wrapper round the waist. The rest of the body was well oiled. When close beside my tent, he commenced turning round ; at first slowly, but gradually increasing to a surprising velocity, drawing nearer to me each moment.

Suddenly, when almost within arms' length, he clapped his hand to his head, and fell forwards on his face.

I thought this a part of the performance. Imagining the man was a santan or mirabout, I waited patiently till he should be pleased to get up. But there he lay, like one dead.

Being rather surprised, I approached, and found he was in a fit—I called three or four of my sepoy—and had him carried to our hospital, having sent to the surgeon's tent, requesting him to see to the man.

By judicious management, he was recovered from the sun-stroke ; but was immediately after

attacked by a violent fever. Every care was taken of him by my directions; and at the end of five weeks he was pronounced cured.

I was one day writing and alone in my tent, when the Hindoo, as I considered him, entered, and roused my attention by a heavy sigh. He was standing close beside me, his tall, fine figure quite erect, and his arms folded across his ample chest; his large, dark eyes were fixed upon the ground.

"I am glad to see you so well, after the severe attack you had," said I, taking some silver from my desk. I was holding it out to him, when, with a wave of his hand, he stopped me.

"Christian," said he, solemnly, "there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet—I am a Musselman. Nevertheless, I owe you my life. Sahib," he continued, slowly, "I came hither to take your life."

I stared at the stern, calm face of the stranger with extreme astonishment. He was

motionless : not a muscle of his frame moved : a certain grandeur and dignity were in the attitude of his noble figure that interested and struck me forcibly. I began to fancy his brain was still unsettled, and therefore replied quietly—

“You are surely in error. I could never have incurred your enmity—wherefore seek my life?”

“Nevertheless, sahib, such was my purpose, till the hand of God smote me. You have saved my life ; henceforth yours is sacred to me. Now, Christian, farewell ! But take this warning from me—hunt no more in the valley of Dhoon.—Farewell ! And, bowing to the ground, he turned about and left the tent.

I made no attempt whatever to stop him, for I positively considered him deranged. It was not till night, as I lay sleepless from the great heat, that I thought of the Princess Onjein. Could she, in revenge for the insult

of refusing her hand—for the passions and feelings of the Mahratta race are excessively violent. Could she have induced the mirabout to take my life? She was represented as vindictive and cruel; she possessed the power of life and death over her subjects, and had done many deeds that, in other lands, would have held her up for public execration. However, I was of too careless, perhaps, reckless, a disposition to heed the warning I had received. Some days afterwards, Major Delmar and two other officers arrived to enjoy a few days' hunting in the valley, in which I joined without meeting anything unusual. After their departure I continued amusing myself, accompanied by four of my sepoys. One day Captain Edgehill and I, with half-a-dozen attendants, left before daylight, for a special day's shooting. During the morning, we were separated, he having followed an animal he had not seen before. I had two sepoys with me;

and, in making the circuit of a thick jungle, we were suddenly surrounded by more than a dozen men, armed with spear and matchlock. I knew by their caftans and turbans, and by their having matchlocks, that they belonged to the Begum Onjein's regiment. Stepping back, I cocked my rifle, while my sepoy's did the same with their muskets.

"Resistance is useless, sahib," said the leader of the band, "and will only lead to the slaughter of your men, and perhaps of yourself. I am ordered to take you dead or alive."

"Who has dared to give you such an order against a British officer?" I exclaimed. "Do you know the peril you are incurring?"

Without answering me, they closed suddenly in upon us; and though I knocked one of the rascals over, they disarmed us."

"You will dearly repent this outrage; and think not that the Princess Onjein's rank will

save her," I exclaimed, as I struggled desperately in the grasp of half-a-dozen of the villains."

"It is no business of mine," returned the Hindoo officer, very coolly, "to inquire into my chieftain's orders. We are taught to obey. You must remain our prisoner. If you wish civil treatment, cease to struggle where it is utterly useless.

There was some truth in that, at all events. So, with a feeling of considerable disgust, we were marched forward, surrounded by the men with matchlocks ready, and spears held within an inch of our backs. In a few minutes we came to an open space, where I was startled on perceiving lying dead upon the parched grass, about four or five bodies. By their attire, which is both scanty and singular, I knew them at once to be Mahairs—a race of people styling themselves followers of Mahomet, but of no creed whatever; and entirely supporting themselves by rapine and murder. At

different periods they had given our troops considerable trouble in hunting them out of their mountain fastnesses.

As I looked down at the miserable wretches, several shots close behind me made me turn round with a start. Good God ! I saw my two sepoys fall beside the Mahairs, brutally murdered by the Hindoo soldiers. Exasperated to fury, I seized a musket from one of the men, and with it brought one of the Hindoos dead to the ground. The next moment a blow from a clubbed matchlock stretched me senseless beside my unfortunate soldiers.

When I regained my senses, which I speedily did—for I was sufficiently shaken to rouse the dead—I found myself, with my head bound up, strapped to the back of a camel, which, trotting, nearly dislocated every bone in my body. This abominable conveyance lasted two mortal hours, when we arrived at the foot of a mountain pass. Here, to my great satisfac-

tion, I was transferred to a covered palanquin, and eight bearers.

Thanking heaven for this change, I stretched my aching limbs, and began to collect my thoughts, and ponder over what might be the result of this outrage and cruel murder of my sepoy by order of this Princess Onjein. My men were slain, no doubt to completely hide my abduction ; and being found with the dead Mahairs, it would be supposed a party of those freebooters had attacked and murdered them, carrying me off prisoner.

All night long we travelled, during which time, as I neither ate nor drank, I felt feverish and thirsty. It was scarcely light when the palanquin stopped ; the curtains were drawn back, and my hands untied. I was then desired to alight. I was now in the court of a large building—a fortress I guessed from the style ; but the light was imperfect. My conductor led me through a low door, and we ascended a flight of steps in the passage. At last

we halted; and the leader, in a loud voice, exclaimed—

“Sambo! rascal! where are you?”

I could understand Hindostanee very well at this time, having studied it while in Meerut.

Immediately, a light appeared above; and, shortly after I perceived a negro of a most singular shape and disgusting ugliness, holding a lamp. One of his shoulders was considerably higher than the other; his legs were so bowed as to form a circle; while his ears, were so immense that they appeared as if they had been dragged down on his shoulders by weights.

We next ascended to the elevation on which stood the negro, who led the way up another flight, and then opened a strong door, and ushered us into a chamber; saying he would bring me some food and drink, he and the soldier retired, barring and locking the door most carefully.

I then cast a look round my future abode, for the day-light entered through an immense loophole ten or twelve feet from the floor. The walls were hung with Indian matting, made from grass; there was a wooden couch, a table, two singularly constructed seats, and a large pitcher of water.

While I was taking a survey and just about to wash the blood from the back of my head, the door opened, and master Sambo entered, with a dish of smoking rice and curry, and a jar of wine, or something very like it, though it was very sweet.

Placing these on the table, without a word, the black retired. I devoured the curry and rice, which was exceedingly well cooked—drank a portion of the compound in the jar—and then having washed my head, I threw myself on the couch; and notwithstanding all that had occurred, fell fast asleep—I did not awake till evening, when my jailer, Sambo,

brought me a lamp, more rice, and a boiled fowl.

“The Princess feeds me well, at all events,” thought I. “Still, captivity will crush my heart, if it lasts. But I will make some effort to get out of this, even if I have to commence by knocking the negro’s head against the wall.” But the negro was always accompanied to the door by a Hindoo, armed to the teeth.

The next day, to my surprise, Sambo brought me a very handsome English dressing-case ; and, to my greater astonishment, a dozen English books. Amongst them, were four volumes of Shakespeare’s plays.

“These,” thought I, after a little reflection, “must either have belonged to one of the Princess’s husbands,” or else they are part of the plunder of some British settlement.”

“Massa, shave,” said the negro, grinning and showing a most unquestionable row of formidable grinders, “see Princess soon.”

“Oh,” said I, “so you can talk. Tell me—”

But Sambo only shook his head, and walked off.

I was rejoiced however, that I was to see this strange Princess, who at one time sought my life, and now detained me a prisoner. Although I scarcely knew when I should see her, whether to get into a rage, or laugh at the whole affair as a farce. But then the murder of the sepoys, damped my spirits completely. This wanton and cruel outrage could never be forgiven or forgotten. When made captive, I was clad in a light shooting-dress, and could make no change in this; but the articles in the dressing-case, were of great use.

Placing my wooden couch against the wall, I climbed up to the loop-hole, which was quite large enough for a man to pass through. The wall was of massive thickness. On poking my head out, I perceived that I was in a tower, full

eighty feet from the ground; beneath me was a narrow court, bounded by a thick rampart wall, full thirty feet high. A Hindoo sentinel paced under my window, sheltered from the sun by the high wall, who had a huge matchlock on his shoulder. Outside the wall, was an extensive plain, bounded by a very lofty range of mountains; while scattered over a considerable extent of ground were numbers of Hindoo hovels, for the low caste. The country round, as far as I could see, appeared cultivated, though in the extreme distance, there seemed to be a vast forest of jungle.

The heat being too great to expose my head long to the sun, I descended from my situation, and passed the rest of the day and evening, alternately reading and vexing myself with anxious thoughts.

Two days after, Sambo, with a couple of Hindoo soldiers entered my chamber, to conduct me before the Princess. Having descended the long flight of steps, and passed through

several doors, which I conjectured led into the interior of the fortress, we crossed a small court, and then entered another of handsome appearance, being planted all round with jonquils and rose bushes, with a large fountain playing into an immense marble basin. From this court, we went into an open arched hall, of considerable dimensions. The walls on each side were ornamented with Hindoo portraits of a singular design and execution, together with fresco drawings of gods and goddesses; while heroes, combating sundry strange animals intended for tigers, elephants, &c., decorated the ceilings and walls also.

At the upper end of this temple—for such I supposed it was—on a raised platform, in a magnificent species of chair, sat the Princess Onjein, her person covered with jewels and other ornaments. Along each side of the temple, were ranged more than a score of the Begum's female attendants; but that which attracted and rivetted my gaze at once, was a young girl,

dressed in very plain garments—after the fashion of the Persian slave girls—who was seated on a low stool at the Princess's feet ; as I advanced towards the platform, the young girl's face was turned towards me, with a look of intense curiosity and agitation—I started, I knew not why ; there was something in the look of that lovely, melancholy countenance, that went to my heart, with a singular sensation.

The next instant, the Begum, with a fierce and angry frown, looked down upon the young maiden, and said something in a low voice. The fair girl, for fair she was, as any European, rose from her seat, displaying her tall and beautiful figure, and left the platform by a side door.

I must here describe the other personages standing beside the raised platform, for I was led to a seat, and left to myself.

To the right of the Princess, stood a most commanding-looking warrior, cased in as com-

plete a suit of armour, as ever knight of old. His hands were covered with gauntlets; on his left arm, he bore a very handsome circular shield of transparent rhinoceros-hide, plated with polished steel, and richly ornamented; his helmet was, however, without visor, instead of which a curious plating of steel rings, completely hid all his features, except the eyes.

As I stood irresolute whether to take a seat, or advance and boldly demand my freedom, the Begum clapped her hands smartly. Immediately the lower part of the hall was filled with Hindoo soldiers; and then a young officer attached to some other potentate, advanced up the hall, and, bending his knee, presented, in a rich shawl, a folded paper.

The Princess took the letter, but presented the shawl to the bearer, who, bowing very gracefully, retired a few paces. I was not a little curious to learn what all this meant, and how it was intended to end. As the Begum read the letter, her dark, brilliant eyes flashed

in triumph, and then the letter was handed to the silent and stately warrior by her side. He read it, but made no manner of remark.

Again the Princess clapped her hands, and the door at the side opening, a troop of Persian dancing girls entered the hall, and commenced performing. They then sung some Persian songs very sweetly. After which, some female slaves brought in trays with cakes, Persian grapes, and various fruits, which were handed round.

The Princess then waved her hand; and, like a fairy pageant, the spectators and the warrior in armour vacated the hall, leaving me, considerably surprised, standing within a few feet of this Asiatic Princess.

“Captain sahib,” said the Begum, fixing her piercing eyes upon me, “I have acknowledged before that I owe my life to your gallantry.”

I very ungallantly muttered to myself—

“I wish to Heaven I had left you to fight it out without interfering.”

“As a Sovereign Princess,” continued the Begum, “I sent and offered you not only my hand, but I promised to resign into your hands, the power I possess.”

I here very quietly observed, that I had received her gracious offer with sincere gratitude; but that not feeling at all inclined for matrimony, I had respectfully declined. Besides not being partial to the climate of Hindostan, as—”

“Sahib,” interposed the Princess, “do you hear me?”

“Your highness, I never heard better in my life,” I replied, perhaps tartly. “The fact is, Princess, this mode of proceeding is reversing the order of things. The customs of Hindostan are strange to a European. May I therefore intreat, Princess, that I may be restored to liberty? And, notwithstanding the dreadful—”

“You may save yourself explanation,” haughtily interrupted the Princess. “Now

hear me, once for all. I repeat my offer. Take three days to consider ; but of this be assured : a woman and a Princess is not to be scorned and insulted twice with impunity. At the end of that time, you will learn to know the difference between the love and the hate of a Mahratta Princess."

Suddenly clapping her hands, she rose from her seat ; and with an air of haughty disdain, passed out by the same door by which the beautiful girl I before noticed had left the platform.

Boiling with rage and vexation, I was escorted to my chamber, and left to the consolation of my own thoughts.

CHAPTER VIII.

My first ruminations were upon the young and lovely girl I had seen at the Begum's feet, and the strange look of agitation and curiosity she had cast upon me as I passed up the hall. She certainly more resembled a European, than a native of Georgia or Persia—since my arrival in India, I had seen many beautiful slaves from both those countries; and they differed so materially from the fair blue-eyed girl I had seen, that I felt satisfied she was from neither Georgia or Persia. The Persian women are in

general inclined to fat, with black hair, high forehead, aquiline nose, full cheeks, and too large a chin for beauty. Their countenances are oval, and the complexion slightly tinged with olive—those of the southern provinces even of a dark brown. Now the young girl I had noticed and was so struck with, was exceedingly fair, with a round face, blue eyes, and light auburn hair; while her figure was tall, slender, and graceful.

From thoughts of the fair girl, I turned to my own singular situation. The idea of a woman imprisoning a man till he should consent to marry her, had something extremely ludicrous in it. Yet I felt it to be no joke. Doubtless, my brother officers would either consider me murdered, or a prisoner to some of the tribes of Mahairs.

After the negro had left me a lamp the second night after my interview with the Princess, I suddenly took it into my head to examine my door, from the circumstance of not

hearing the negro push the bolts outside into their sockets. I saw that the lock, though a strong and massive one, possessed but little ingenuity in its construction ; and that, with the assistance of a small iron-bar, I could pick out a brick, and force back the bolt of the lock. Turning up my roughly constructed couch, I found it was held together by four iron-rods ; one of these, after half an hour's trial, I extricated ; and waited till I considered all the inhabitants of the fortress buried in repose, when I commenced operations against the huge bolt, and exerting the great strength nature had gifted me with, I forced back the bolt, and, to my exceeding satisfaction, found the door swing open.

I paused a moment, and listened ; but not a sound disturbed the silence of the night.

Taking my lamp in one hand, and my bar for a weapon in the other, I descended the stairs till I came to a landing-place. Here a door attracted my attention. On pushing it

it opened; and I saw before me a narrow passage, as if constructed between two walls. Along this passage I proceeded, till stopped by another door, which opened with a latch, and on passing through it, and holding up my lamp, which gave but a very faint light, I took a survey of the place around me. All was perfectly still. I now fancied I had got into the inhabited part of the fortress. I was aware that the male part of the inmates were always separated from that part of the building inhabited by the woman. The place I had entered was a wide and handsome gallery, or kind of corridor, with many doors opening on both sides into it.

Walking cautiously along this corridor, and seeking for an outlet, just as I paused near a door, I heard the murmur of a voice within. Listening intently, I caught the sound of a female voice, singing a low, plaintive tune. To my extreme astonishment, I caught some of the words. The singer, whoever she might be,

was warbling in my native tongue. She paused ; and then some deep and heavy sighs fell upon my ear. Surprised beyond measure, I looked at the door, and perceived that it was fastened by two strong bolts outside.

“ A captive, like myself,” thought I.

In the impulse of the moment, I drew back the bolts, and pushed open the door ; as I thrust my unlucky head inside the chamber, a loud scream came from the inmate.

“ Lady,” said I, entering, “ be not alarmed.”

In one single glance, I perceived before me the beautiful girl attired as a slave, whom I had seen in my interview with the Begum.

“ Good heavens, Captain Somerville !” exclaimed she, in pure English, “ my scream has ruined us.”

I was bewildered. The young girl hastily snatched a folded paper from the table, saying,

“ Secrete, pray conceal this ; it will tell you who I am. Good God ! here they are !”

And sinking down into a chair, she buried

her face in her hands, bursting into tears. The next instant, the room was filled with half-dressed females, with the Princess Onjein at their head.

I was literally stupified—never before, in all my life, was I exposed to such a battery of unveiled charms.

“Ahi, Wullah, Wullah, illa il Ala!” burst from the lips of the Begum’s women; while the Princess herself, rather thinly clad, in truth, stood like one electrified, when her eyes rested upon me.

But it was not in the nature of the charming sex to remain thus tongue-tied; and at once a torrent of the most violent abuse in Hindostain, broken English, and German, was poured upon my head without pause. The Princess actually stamped and foamed with rage. At length, I could understand part of the torrent of abuse of which I was the luckless object.

“So,” she exclaimed, “’tis for this vile wanton that the hand of a Mahratta Princess is

scorned. But you shall both feel my vengeance. Why do not that dog, Sambo, and the guards, come when summoned?"

Before I could utter a word the young girl rose from her seat, removing her hands from her face, which was pale and bathed with tears. Still she drew herself proudly up, with her large shawl wrapped closely over her person; and facing the furious Princess, she said, calmly and haughtily—

“Madam, you are using terms, to me, which you are aware, in your heart, are unmerited. This gentleman is utterly unacquainted with me, though I have some knowledge of *him*. How he came here I am ignorant; but this, madam, I will now tell you; though whether it will alter your determination of revenge against him or me, I know not. Captain Somerville is your nephew—my father’s and your husband’s name was Somerville.”

The Princess fell back a pace or two, livid

with rage; while, starting forward, I exclaimed, in a tone of profound amazement—

“What! can it be possible that you are the daughter of my long-lost uncle Somerville?”

I took the weeping girl's hand in mine; but as I did so, Sambo and four Hindoo soldiers rushed into the room. The villanous negro made a rush at me, yelling hideously; but with a blow of my foot, I sent him howling and rolling over and over on the floor. The Hindoos, with drawn knives, then darted on me, whilst the vindictive Princess, far from relenting in her fury, ordered them to seize or slay me. Claspings her hands in agony, Marian Somerville implored me to surrender, for I had grasped my bar with the determination of resisting to death.

“In God's name, Captain Somerville, let me not endure the agony of seeing you murdered before my eyes. 'Tis I have done this by

heedlessly stating a fact I only knew three days ago."

"And dearly, miserable wretch, shall you pay for your information," bitterly exclaimed the Begum as several more Hindoos entered the room.

In either disgust or passion, I flung the bar from me and allowed myself to be led from the room, saying to my new-found cousin—

"Trust to Providence, Marian. This unnatural woman dares not do that which her passion prompts her to threaten."

"Dares not;" echoed the Begum, with a mocking laugh, as I retired. "You shall see what a Mahratta Princess dares to do."

In a frame of mind not to be described, I was conducted back to my chamber. Two immense staples were driven into the wall, and two monsters of padlocks put outside. As soon as it was day-light next morning—for the black

villain left me no light—I took out the folded paper my unfortunate cousin had given me.

But I must here, if I have not already wearied you, give you a slight sketch of our family history.

We are originally from Devonshire. My father and uncle were brothers. My father, the eldest, inherited the property which was very considerable, his brother receiving a very handsome portion. My uncle Edward, from his earliest youth, was of a strange, eccentric disposition. Being remarkable for a handsome face and figure, he was courted in every place, especially as he added to the above qualifications a most agreeable disposition and temper. At one or two and twenty, he took it into his head to go on a sporting expedition into the far west of America, and did not return for four years. My father was married to a lady of birth and fortune, when he returned. My uncle was too restless to remain long

quiet. He declared he would go to India, and have a campaign as a volunteer amongst the wild tribes of Hindostan.

My father did all he could to persuade him to marry and settle down quietly near him, for the brothers were much attached to each other. But my uncle only laughed, saying he was too restless and wild for matrimony ; and shortly after, he went into Cornwall, with a couple of friends, sportsmen, to spend a few months. At Truro, he beheld, at a race ball, the beautiful Marian Trevors, only daughter of one of the proudest land-holders in Cornwall. The young lady was a wealthy heiress, for she inherited the great opulence of her maternal uncle, St. Buryans.

The singularly handsome person, and lively engaging manners, of Edward Somerville, won the love of the heiress of St. Buryans.

But her proud father scornfully refused to listen to the proposals of a younger brother ; the consequence was, they eloped, were pur-

sued by the enraged father, and overtaken on the borders of Devon. An unfortunate scuffle ensued ; a pistol presented by my uncle to intimidate the servants who attempted to drag Marian Trevors (who had happily fainted,) from the chariot, went off, and shot Mr. Trevors through the heart, he having, unluckily, at the moment, advanced to the door.

Horror-stricken at the catastrophe, the domestics raised their unfortunate master, while my uncle, distracted at the calamity of which he was the unintentional cause, pursued his flight with his insensible partner. Marian happily remained ignorant of her father's fate. They crossed from Plymouth to Jersey and there were married ; and from thence passed into Germany.

My father did not hear from my uncle for several months after his arrival in Cologne. He then wrote to him, stating he would never claim the property of St. Buryans. Nor would he ever return to England. It was his inten-

tion, he said, to go out to Madras. He feared every moment some chance circumstance might reveal her father's unfortunate death to his beloved wife.

Another year passed over, when my father received a letter from his brother, bidding him and Europe farewell for ever. He had lost his wife in giving birth to a little girl, which he named Marian.

My father wrote and did all he could to console my uncle, and persuade him, for the sake of his child—who was undoubted heiress to the united estates of St. Buryans and Trevors—to remain in Europe; but he never received a reply; and from that hour he heard no more of his brother. Whether he reached India, with his child, or perished on the voyage, he could never learn.

As a younger son, I went into the army; and, before sailing for India, my father made me acquainted with the facts I have just stated. "Perhaps," said he, "by an extraordinary

chance, you may gain some tidings of your uncle." I made every enquiry I could from the period of my arrival in India, but failed in getting the slightest clue by which I could hope to ascertain whether he reached India or not.

You can thus imagine my extreme astonishment at discovering my cousin Marian in the extraordinary manner I have related; and to find, in the Princess Onjein, an aunt, and an implacable and bitter enemy.

As soon as I could see to read, I took the paper Marian had given me; and, opening it, eagerly perused the few lines it contained. It ran thus :—

“Trusting to Providence, and the kind intentions of a poor Hindoo girl—one of the Begum’s slaves—I live in the hope of getting this paper conveyed to you. From this poor female slave, who has always evinced a strong attachment to me, I learned that your name

was Somerville, and that you were an officer in the — Dragoons.

“Two years ago, on my unfortunate father’s death-bed, he declared to me that he had a nephew just arrived in India, in the — Dragoons; and that, had not death cut short his career so suddenly, he intended writing to you, and declaring his relationship. Alas! he had no time to say more; neither is time afforded me for explanation. In the writing desk the Princess sent you, and which belonged to my poor father, you will find two secret recesses, containing papers, which will explain all to you. If you cannot discover the springs, break the desk. You may escape from the power of this dreadful woman; if so, oh! in mercy, recollect that your ill-fated cousin, Marian Somerville, is left exposed to the unrelenting persecutions of one, whose cruelty and vindictiveness are not to be surpassed.

“God grant that you may escape. If

so, to you I look for deliverance from my miserable captivity.

“Your unfortunate cousin.

“MARIAN SOMERVILLE.”

“So, here at last,” I said to myself, “is my lost cousin Marian; and I, like her, am a captive—without a prospect of being able either to effect her deliverance, or my own.”

Anxious to examine the papers in the desk, I commenced taking it asunder. Accustomed to the mode in which such desks are manufactured in England, I discovered, after half-an-hour's scrutiny, the springs of the two secret recesses. The first contained, wrapt tightly in cotton, without frames, two beautifully-executed portraits of my uncle Edward and his wife Marian Trevors. She must have been exquisitely beautiful; and a finer, or more intellectual face it was scarcely possible to see, than that of Edward Somerville.

For several moments I gazed upon the portraits, with an intense feeling of melancholy. The originals were no longer in life. One perished in the very flower of youth ; the other in the prime of manhood—struck down, I greatly feared, treacherously ; breathing his last sigh in a foreign land, and leaving his only child to an unknown destiny, under the rule of a fiendish woman.

These were painful thoughts ; and, with a heavy sigh, I continued my examination. In the same drawer with the portrait, were several valuable rings, diamond ear-rings, and bracelets of great price. All these I secured about my person, determined to part with them only with life.

I next opened the false bottom, which contained several sheets of paper, closely written ;—videlicet, the certificate of his marriage—his child's birth—with references of time, place, persons, &c., should it be requisite at any period to establish her claims to the property, &c.

Besides these, was an order upon a Banking establishment in Bombay, for a large sum of rupees, equal to £10,000 sterling, lodged in the name of Marian Somerville, and payable to her signature or order.

I perused the papers before me ; which, I perceived were headed—"Some brief account of my life from the period of my landing in India." It will, however, be quite sufficient for me to mention only the event that led to to his union with the Princess Onjein.

It appears that my uncle suffered severely at heart, from the period when his wife's father fell, slain by the pistol shot from his hand. This had an effect on his whole after life, depressing his spirits, at times, fearfully. The death of his wife completely shattered his mind. From Antwerp, he sailed with his little girl, then two years old, for Bombay ; taking with him a respectable widow, to whom was confided the charge of his little girl. After his wife's death, he went by the name of

Somers ; for he seemed to have a morbid fear of being recognised as the Somerville who shot Mr. Trevors—though it was very well known, in his native place, that the unfortunate Mr. Trevors met his death by accident ; for the domestics, with whom the scuffle commenced, were aware that it was more owing to the officious interference of Mr. Trevors that the pistol went off, than otherwise ; and the man had the honesty to say so before a jury. He reached Bombay in safety ; and lodged the entire of his fortune in a Banking Company there, in his daughter's real name.

Bombay was one of the presidencies belonging to the East India Company. Here, unfortunately, the child's nurse died ; but my uncle succeeded in placing her under the charge of a most respectable lady, of the name of Freeling. By the death of her husband, who held an official situation under the company, this lady suffered much pecuniary difficulty. Generous and kind by nature, Edward Somerville,

through his little girl's medium, restored Mrs. Freeling to some degree of independence and comfort. She was a highly educated woman, and undertook the care and tuition of the beautiful child confided to her care, with the same affection as she evinced for her own only child, also a girl, though some seven years older than the little Marian.

Satisfied that his child was under the charge of a person who would be as a mother to her, he indulged in the restless, wandering life he had always loved ; and called all the strong energies and passions of his nature into play. The great Aurungzebe was, at this period, filling the continent of Hindostan with the renown of his exploits.

Into Hindostan, my uncle went. After a year or so, spent in a strange way, he acquired a complete knowledge of the language ; and becoming acquainted with a chieftain of rank, at Meerut, he joined him and fought under his banners in the wars of Aurungzebe. Years passed on,

till, at length, in all but religion, my uncle became a complete Indian Chieftain ; and, for some desperate exploit in taking a fortress, he received a robe of honor from Arungzebe himself, with the title of Khan, and the command of a fine body of horse.

Twelve years were passed in this manner, till chance made him acquainted with the Princess Onjein ; then a widow, only two and thirty, and sovereign over a very extensive territory. Whether smitten by her beauty, or by her daring Amazonian disposition, or whether the Princess herself—of a most amorous disposition—was struck by his noble form, and handsome features, I know not. He merely said, in his short account of himself, that the Princess Onjein resigned her power into his hands, and they were married.

The Princess possessed several forts of great strength, and a very handsome mansion in Onjein ; a town situated in the province of

Malwah. Marian was fifteen when my uncle set out for Bombay, to bring her to reside with him, in his palace at Onjein.

And here the narration of his life ended ; for, at the bottom of the page, was the month and date of his daughter's arrival in Onjein.

Having carefully secured all these papers within the lining of my shooting jacket, I pondered over my cousin's situation and my own.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN SOMERVILLE'S STORY CONCLUDED.

LITTLE time was allowed me for deliberation. Scarcely had I swallowed my morning meal, when the negro, Sambo, and four Hindoos, with matchlocks and fusees burning in their hands, entered my room. The negro, with a savage grin on his hideous face, desired me to follow him into the presence of the Princess. To say "Nay," was out of the question; so, wondering what new scheme was in my aunt's brain,

now that she could no longer regard me in a matrimonial light, and dreading, I knew not what, in regard to Marian, I followed my conductors into the Court of Jonquils, and through a passage which led into a chamber of considerable dimensions. At the further end, was the princess Onjein, standing by the side of, what appeared to me, an open vault.

As I approached, I could see in the features of my aunt, visibly portrayed, hatred, malice, and all the bad passions of the heart.

“Approach, Captain Somerville,” said she, in a bitter tone, and motioning for the soldiers to stand back; “I promised you, when we met, that I should not forget you or your precious cousin. You said I dared not do that which I threatened; but a Mahratta Princess, when she wills, dares do anything. Look down into that cave. Your cousin is its inmate; and there she lies till the worms revel on her beauty.”

“Woman, what mean you?” I exclaimed, starting forward, my face and temples throbbing almost to bursting with passion. I stood on the brink of the cave; it seemed about fourteen feet deep, and half that in breadth. With profound horror and dismay, I beheld, seated on the humid earth, my ill-fated cousin. Her face was buried in the folds of her shawl; but I could hear the deep sobs of agony that came from her bosom.

“Merciful God!” I exclaimed; “can such fiendish malignity exist in the female bosom? Woman, without heart or feeling,” I added, fiercely, stepping nearer to her, “what is your intention in committing this infernal outrage upon an innocent and unoffending girl, even supposing she was an utter stranger, to say nothing of her being a relative?”

A laugh of scorn and defiance burst from the lips of the princess, as she said, “I will tell you, proud Englishman, what my intention is. But first, learn my motives for my so acting.

When I offered you my hand, I was really ignorant that the blood of the man I detested ran in your veins. When I married that girl's father—an adventurer under the assumed name of Somers—I gave him wealth, power, territory; he was looked upon by my people in the light of a great Mahratta chief. I even received his daughter, by another wife, into my palace. How was I requited for my generosity and condescension? Did not this man, whom I had raised to the rank of a prince, forget that I was the daughter of a great Mahratta chieftain? Scarcely two years married, when I discovered I was betrayed, neglected, despised. Curse on the hour, that I have to say it—my blood tingles with the thought—I was neglected for a vile Persian slave—one who sat at my feet—who licked the dust from my footstool. I upbraided him with his vile conduct. He even had the cowardly meanness to lie, and say I was in error; but the villain dared not reply to my questions. I swore to be re-

venge— I swore an oath a Mahratta never breaks. Yes, I swore to be revenged—not after the manner of one of thy cold-blooded race, but after the fashion of the Children of the Sun, whose blood flows like a stream of molten lava, which not even the ocean can quench. I vowed revenge upon him—his paramour—his entire race—if any of his accursed blood came within my power. He forgot—fool that he was—that only as my husband, was he tolerated by my people. His very agents betrayed him; and again I had in my power the vile slave that dishonoured a Mahratta Princess. And what think you, Englishman, was my revenge—upon mother and child? There!”

And this fiendish woman stamped her foot, and pointed to the cave, while her eyes actually seemed to blaze with intense passion.

“There, in that cave,” resumed she, after a short pause, “I had them put; and over that platform I had my couch placed; and for four

days the music of their shrieks and groans, as they expired of hunger and thirst, caused me sweeter sleep than I ever enjoyed before or since."

I was actually horror-struck—totally unable to get out a word. I felt the colour forsake my cheeks, and a sickening sensation creep through my frame. With a look of diabolical triumph, she fixed her gaze upon me, saying—

"Was not that a vengeance worthy of a Child of the Sun? So much for the vile slave. Now for the master villain. He was with my regiment at Pooranpoor. I had him shot with a poisoned arrow; but he knew not who struck the blow till brought here; and when his last moment was come, I told him how his paramour died, and that he owed his death to me.

"Oh! devil in human form!" I almost shouted, so terribly excited did I become. "Enough of this. A day of reckoning has come!"

I saw her wave her hand, and the negro coming forward as if to close the door on the cave, I felled him to the floor with a blow, and snatching the long dagger he wore from his belt, with a bound I was beside the startled princess, and caught her in my grasp. I grasped her as in a vice. I was like a madman from passion ; and as the Hindoos were rushing on me, I held the dagger to the Princess's throat, and swore—God forgive me !—a fearful oath, that I would slay her if her soldiers moved a step nearer ; at the same time, shouting to the soldiers in Hindostanee, “ Stand back, or your Princess dies ! ”

“ Fools ! idiots ! ” screamed the Begum, “ stand back, or this madman will slay me.”

“ Swear then,” I exclaimed, “ by the most sacred oath a Hindoo or Mahomedan can take, to release that unfortunate maiden and restore her to British protection. For myself I ask nothing. Wreak your unnatural vengeance

upon me. I have nerves to bear it ; but either swear to spare her, or die !”

“ Madman, I will swear—”

Just at that moment a party of armed Musselmen soldiers entered the room. At their head was the splendidly-armed warrior I had seen on my first interview.

“ How is this, Captain Somerville ?” said the Chieftain, halting on the brink of the Cave, and looking down, with a start of shame and horror on his fine features. “ Princess, Princess, in the name of God, what is this I see ?”

“ You here, Hyder Ali !” bitterly exclaimed the Begum. “ Do you not see, my life is at stake in the hands of this madman ?”

“ Swear then, Madam,” I joyfully said—for now that the warrior’s head was covered only with a turban, I recognized his remarkable features at once ; and in Hyder Ali, I beheld the Mirabout. “ Swear to release that ill-treated maiden, and you are free.”

“Bring hither a ladder,” fiercely exclaimed Hyder Ali to Sambo. “The daughter of my old comrade must not, Princess, if we part for ever, suffer this gross indignity.”

Releasing the Princess, on her swearing the most solemn oath a Mahomedan can take, I seized the ladder the negro held, and, placing it, descended into the cave, leaving the enraged Princess and Hyder Ali conversing in a low voice.

“My poor girl, what must you have suffered!” said I to my cousin, as I raised her in my arms, and bore her from that detested dungeon.

“Alas, Captain Somerville,” said she, in a low voice, “I have sacrificed you to save myself.”

“Not so, Marian,” I said, in a low voice, as we reached the top, “in Hyder Ali, I have a sure friend, fear not. I will have you sent to Meerut, where the English resident, Mr.

Howard, will receive you into his family, till, please God, I can join you, and restore you to your nearest relative, my father."

As I placed Marian on the floor, the Princess advanced towards us, with features so distorted by baleful passions, as scarcely to retain the appearance of a human face. With a look of withering hate, she regarded us for a moment, and then said—

"I have sworn to spare that girl. Be it so; but *you*—I would rather perish than forego my vengeance against *you*."

"Madam," I replied, "I am quite satisfied to abide the worst storm of your hate. My cousin, Marian Somerville, must be conducted in safety to Meerut, and consigned to the care of the British resident, Mr. Howard."

"And do you imagine, madman, or fool," replied she, "that a Mahratta Princess is to become the dupe of such as you? You think to secure your own release by sending your pre-

cious cousin to betray the place of your captivity."

"You wrong me, madam," I calmly replied. "Such was not my intention. It will not be at all necessary for Miss Somerville to mention my name." Here Marian clasped her little hands, looking at me, with eyes full of tears. "I will answer for it, she will never betray you."

Before the Begum could reply, Hyder Ali stepped forward, saying, in Hindostanee, in a slow, calm voice—

"I, Princess, will answer for this lady's silence; and I will send a confidential officer to conduct her at once to Meerut. Lady," he continued, addressing Marian, "I was your father's friend for several years. Give me your promise to keep silence respecting all that has occurred here, and in less than an hour you shall depart well escorted for Meerut."

"Hyder Ali," replied my cousin, regaining

with an effort the natural spirit and energy of her nature, "can you, with your noble heart—for I have often heard my poor father speak of you—can you ask his daughter to commit so base an act to save herself? No, Princess," she added, almost haughtily, turning to the Begum, and looking her steadily in the face, "if you have the heart to exercise your vengeance upon those who never injured you, let me be the victim. You accused my unfortunate father of a crime which he never committed. The wretched victim of your cruelty and jealousy was the wife of Golaum Reza, who, happily for himself, before he learned the fearful fate of his wife and child, fell in storming Pooranpoor."

"Wretch! what lies are these you cast in my face?" exclaimed the Begum, livid with rage, or some internal feeling of remorse.

"Spare your names, Madam," returned Marian, firmly; "there stands Hyder Ali Khan, who knows I speak the truth."

“Aleikoom-i-Salaam. Let it be peace,” said Hyder Ali Khan, advancing before the Princess. “The maiden speaks the truth. God is great! Allah-ill-ullah! When the victims had perished, it was too late to explain. But Golaum Reza was a good and faithful servant.”

The Princess stood like one bewildered and confounded.

“Let there be an end of this,” said she, impatiently. “Take that girl, Khan, where you please, so she goes where she may never cross my path. Accursed was the hour I ever beheld one of her polluted race. Go!”

Hyder Ali motioned with his hand to a young officer standing at the further end of the chamber with the Begum’s guards, who immediately advanced.

“See that a palanquin, and proper bearers be at once got ready to convey this lady to Meerut,” said Hyder Alli, “and do you and ten of my

own men be ready to attend it. I will give you full directions before departure."

The officer, with a low salaam, departed.

While Hyder was speaking, I kept my eyes fixed upon the Princess. I could see that her breast was agitated by a violent struggle : her dark eyes, at times, flashed fiercely, and then, again she bent them on the ground. At length the bad passions that too often ruled her, were subdued. She advanced close to me, as I stood eagerly imploring my cousin to depart without further opposition to the will of the Begum.

"Captain Somerville," she began, speaking slowly and firmly, "much of all the evil that has been done might have been avoided, had not others practised deception. What is past, is past—'tis our destiny—God is great! A Mahratta Princess can forgive as well as punish. You saved my life. Go! Take yours in return. Let the memory of what has passed be in the recesses of your own bosom. You are free."

Turning quickly round, she passed out through a side-door, without bestowing a look upon any of us, who stood bewildered by so sudden and happy a termination of a horrible scene.

“Allah, illa-ill-ullah! She is a noble Princess after all. There is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet,” solemnly uttered Hyder, bowing his head reverently in the direction of Mecca. “This is well. Come, Sahib,” continued he. “The goodness of God is infinite. You are free; and can accompany your cousin to Meerut. I, myself, will escort you to Minabad.”

My story is already too long to dwell on details. In less than an hour, Marian, in a state of bewildered joy, was placed in a palanquin; while, mounted by the orders of Hyder upon a noble Arab, I rode by the side, escorted by eight or ten armed riders.

I cast a look at the gloomy fortress, as we passed out through its ponderous gates, return-

ing thanks to Providence for our most unexpected escape. The building, which was extensive and very strongly fortified, stood on a slight elevation, in a tolerably well cultivated and picturesque country. As I rode by the side of Hyder, Ali Khan, for such was his rank, he requested me to give him a brief sketch of my uncle's life—stating the reason he assumed the name of Somers. I then cautiously touched upon the past, requesting him to explain to me why he, who had acted with such generosity towards me, had previously, in the disguise of a Santon, attempted my life—as he said such was his intention. A very painful expression passed across the Khan's countenance. After a moment, he looked up—saying, as usual, with Musselmen—

“God is good. What is to be, is to be. It is fate. Listen. Some years ago—I was a Golaum in the service of the great Aurungzebe. Descended from an ancient but impoverished race, I rose rapidly, by my services under

that great monarch, and finally was created Khan, and ruler over a fine province. Your uncle, Somers Khan, and I, became acquainted ; for he also rose in rank, under the Emperor. The Princess Onjein was the cause of our separation ; for before that fickle Princess saw your uncle, she had listened to my addresses. When she married your uncle, in disgust, and, I confess it, vexed at heart—for I loved this woman with as strong a passion as ever beat in the breast of man—I retired to my province ; and till I heard of his death, two years after his marriage, I never saw the Princess though her territories adjoin mine. After that event, she contrived to renew our intimacy. I again became infatuated ; and, in short, yielded to her wishes in every thing. I joined my force to hers in the late war, and fully expected, at its expiration, to become her husband. Judge my astonishment and rage, when I found that she had actually offered her hand to a British officer of the name of Somerville, a

Captain in the ——— Dragoons. I was at that time in Delhi, the death of the great Aurungzebe, having created some confusion in the election of Chief. My rage was beyond controul when I heard of this wantonness of the Princess, and in an evil hour, a prey to jealousy and rage, I resolved to remove you out of my path with my dagger—God is great. I was punished. You saved my life by your kind attention to my sufferings. From a faithful slave in the service of the Begum, before I set out disguised in the attire of a Santon—I learned that the Princess intended to carry you off while hunting in the valley of Dhoon—I warned you; but you did not heed what I said. Immediately after that, I was forced to proceed to Delhi. When I returned, you were in the fortress of the Princess. I fully intended to obtain your release, though I was not aware of your relationship to the Princess. Nevertheless, I was forced to proceed to Puna, owing to the Rajah of D——

making an inroad into the territory of the Princess. I had not the least idea she would proceed to such extremities during the short time I was absent. The intelligence of this rupture with the Rajah was brought by the young Jermina you beheld on your first interview with the Princess. I just arrived in time to prevent a frightful crime on her part, and a useless sacrifice on yours ; for had you slain the Begum in the delirium of passion, you would have been cut to pieces by her followers, and your cousin left at the mercy of the Begum's infuriated soldiers."

Such was the subject of the communication made to me by Hyder Ali Khan. We reached Minadabad in safety—and there I parted from the Musselman Chief.

"As a remembrance of Hyder Ali," said the warrior, in parting, "accept the steed you ride. She is of the very best blood the Deccan can boast ; and matchless for beauty and speed."

In truth she was a superb animal, and a gift worthy of a Prince ; for it is well known how highly the chieftains of the Deccan prize their Arab mares. At Minadabad, I could hire bearers and a palanquin, and the country from thence to Meerut was in perfect tranquillity. My cousin and I parted with the generous Hyder with deep feelings of gratitude on our part, and warm wishes for our welfare on his.

Having procured two female Hindoo attendants for Marian, we resumed our journey to Meerut, which occupied only one day and night. During the journey, I had little opportunity of conversing with my cousin, for the heat was oppressive and almost insupportable ; but we reached our destination in safety. Mr. and Mrs. Howard received Marian with the greatest kindness. My appearance caused no little wonder, for it was generally thought I had been either murdered or was held captive by the Mahairs. Great rewards had been offered by the Colonel of my regiment, and great exertion was

made, but in vain, to trace my captors. I found my regiment at Madras. The war being at an end for a time, I wrote to my Colonel, and requested leave of absence for a month, stating it was my intention to sell out, having received letters from my father requesting me to return home, as he was very uneasy at my elder brother's situation; a fall from his horse, having caused the bursting of a blood-vessel.

However, to conclude my tale, I fell desperately in love with my cousin Marian, during the month I remained at Meerut, and I need not say my affection was returned. Shortly after, I sold out; and, having prevailed on Marian—powerfully seconded by Mr. and Mrs. Howard's advice—to become mine, we were soon married; and a month afterwards set out for Madras, and sailed for England in the first homeward-bound ship.

My father's astonishment and joy was, in truth, great, when I presented to him at the same time my wife and his niece.

I found but little difficulty in establishing Marian's claims to the St. Buryans estates. The papers I possessed were not to be put aside; and though at first, some opposition was made, it was finally abandoned on the arrival of Mrs. Freeling in England, whose evidence as to Marian's identity was conclusive.

Before leaving Madras, I had obtained the money lodged by my uncle for the benefit of his daughter. My brother quite recovered his accident. About four years ago, I purchased this property, to which we are both very partial, though we sometimes spend a few months at St. Buryans.

About five years after my return to England, I heard from Major Delmar that Hyder Ali and the Princess Onjein were married, and that Hyder, at the head of a powerful army, had invaded the Provinces of Coimbetoor, Malabar, and Canara, and finally usurped the throne of

Mysore, and established his capital in Seringapatam.*

We must not, however, judge the Princess Onjein and the usurper of Mysore by contrasting them with the natives of civilized Europe. Their fiery deeds and wild, unchecked impulses are more akin to their burning clime, and benighted religion ; and will not stand the test of European judgment. Let us, however, hope that time and a better and nearer intercourse with the more civilized and polished natives of Europe, will effect a great and beneficial change in their religious feelings and actions.

Had Captain Somerville lived in our time, he might have quoted Byron—

“ ’Tis the clime of the East, ’tis the land of the sun ;
Can he smile on the deeds his children have done ? ”

* I trust the indulgent reader will excuse a romance-writer in anticipating this event by a few years. Hyder Ali—a Mussulman—*did* usurp the Throne of Mysore : he was succeeded by the famous Tippoo Sultaun.

CHAPTER X.

ON one of those days so common in our variable climate in the latter end of June, sultry, misty, and very much inclined to rain hard, but keeping up a gentle drizzling instead, Gerald Granville and his only attendant, Dennis O'Regan, were pursuing their journey from Deer Hurst to London; grooms, with horses, &c., for service, having left three days previously.

Gerald rode a splendid horse, a grandson of Captain Somerville's famous Arab, Beda. In those days, gentlemen and their servants rode

well armed, for that period was the "*beau jour*" of "gentlemen of the road." Houses of entertainment were few and far between; and the roads themselves in many parts detestable. The celebrated Turpin, and several other equally noted highwaymen flourished at the time, in great glory and renown, defeating, for a considerable period, the strong arm of the law. Gerald was to embark in what was then called a fine ship, a transport, lying in Deptford Reach. She was carrying out stores, ammunition, and part of the regiment of the ——— Dragoons to join the great Duke of Marlborough. Her destination was the Hague, where the Duke remained for a time to confer with Prince Eugene, the Pensionary Heinsius, and the deputies of the States-General.

In those old times of travellers and travelling it required no less than three days to journey on horseback from Oxford to London. The first day's journey had passed without anything unusual. They slept at a road-side inn,

resuming their journey on the following day, and passing through a small village, where they refreshed their steeds. They continued on, intending to sleep that night at a well-known hostel, about twenty-two miles from London.

The evening was anything but an agreeable one: the sky was gloomy and overcast; the atmosphere sultry and suffocating, though a thick, drizzling rain commenced shortly after their leaving the village. Gerald, nevertheless, proceeded at a slow pace: his horse had lost a shoe, and a bungling farrier had driven a nail badly. The consequence was, that the noble animal put his foot to the ground tenderly.

The travellers had reached to within two or three miles of their destination for the night, when two horsemen from a cross road came suddenly upon them, and rode up along-side; one of the horsemen saying in a rough, strong voice—

“Rather a dampish evening, Master, for slow riding.”

The moment he perceived the horseman close with his master, O'Regan rode up to within a few yards.

Gerald looked at the speaker, as he replied in a cold tone, that it was rather a gloomy evening, but he had seen worse, and felt no inclination to hurry himself.

The man who had spoken, was a tall, strong-built fellow, with heavy riding-boots, thick overcoat, and a three-cornered hat, common enough at that period, with a silver buckle and strap in front. There was nothing remarkable in the man's face; but it would be difficult to say what he was. He was armed, with both swords and pistol-holsters on his horse. At all events, Gerald felt satisfied that he was not a gentleman, though he rode a very fine animal. His companion, who was neither so tall nor so stout, rode a bay horse with every appearance of having great speed in him, if

required, but his features were so concealed by thick wrappers as to be quite indistinguishable.

“ You ride a very noble beast, master,” said the same horseman who had spoken first; “ but he seems tender-footed. I guess some bungling farrier on the road has lamed him. I’ll warrant he’s a mortal fast one, Joe,” added he, turning to his companion.

“ What’s the use of his qualities?” growled the other; “ he won’t have a leg to stand on to-morrow.”

“ Upon my honor, sir,” said Gerald haughtily, turning round, and facing the man, “ you make yourself quite at home in your remarks upon my horse. You will please not to confine your pace to mine, as I have no desire whatever for company.”

“ No offence, master—no offence I hope,” replied the man, suddenly checking his horse. As he did so, a loud, shrill whistle rang through the still air with a peculiar and piercing sound.

“D——n!” exclaimed both the strangers, in an excited tone; and, clapping spurs to their steeds, they rode off rapidly, a turn in the road shutting them from our travellers’ sight. They could, however, hear the tramp of their horses’ heels as they galloped over the ground.

Gerald quietly returned to its place the pistol he had taken from its holster; while Dennis exclaimed with a loud laugh—

“Faix, sir, if them wasn’t a brace of rap-parees, I’m no Irishman. Musha! I had half a mind to pepper the big one when he turned round on you; only I knew you are so handy with the barkers yourself, your honour, and there were only the two of ’em.”

“Well,” returned Gerald, “I think they were a pair of highwaymen, Dennis. That whistle was from some confederate, and alarmed them. I saw the fellow, as he checked his horse, lay his hand upon his pistol-holsters, and I did the same. Let us ride on: we

are not more than a couple of miles from the hostel."

In less than half an hour, just as the rain increased to a downright pour and the shades of night were falling around, they entered the wide court-yard of a road-side inn, well known in that day as the best for many a mile between Oxford and London. It was a very old, rambling sort of building, with all kinds of gable ends, curious chimneys, and great wooden balconies to the windows, with an enormous porch to the door, at which stood the fat, jovial landlord of the Queen's Arms.

In the court-yard stood one of those strange, lumbering vehicles on massive springs and broad leather suspenders, with wheels and axle-trees of incalculable strength and clumsiness. This machine, dignified in those days with the name of chariot—a vehicle used only by the aristocracy—had evidently just arrived at the inn. Two men-servants were taking

from the inside various articles of luggage belonging to females; and a very smart damsel was actively employing her hands, and, indeed, that useful member, her tongue, in receiving some of the packages, and in scolding the men for their rough handling of them.

As Gerald dismounted, he cast a glance at these proceedings. The landlord welcomed his guest with a glad smile, for Gerald had stopped there many times before in early youth, with the Baronet.

“Who are your guests, Master Oldham?” inquired young Granville. “I think I know the livery.”

“A nice and a handsome dame and her daughter, a very young girl, Master Granville,” replied the host. “You may have heard of her down about your parts of the country. She is the Honorable Mrs. Atherstone, a widow, and more’s the pity,” added Oldham, as he ushered his guest into a comfortable sitting-room. “But hadn’t you better take a glass of

warmed ale with some spice in it, and change your habits? You are wet."

"I will take the spiced ale, Oldham," returned Gerald; "but my cloak saved my inner garments. Let me have some supper. By-the-by, I have heard that name of Atherstone. The lady, I think, was on a visit at Lord Althorp's."

"Right, Master Granville, you are right," rejoined the host; "she came from there, and goes on to-morrow to London. Did you pass on the way half-a-dozen troopers, with a cornet in command?"

"No, I did not. Why, Oldham?"

"Why they are scouring the country for the famous Dick Turpin, who has been robbing his worship, Squire Delmar, our county magistrate, who sent out these men from Barnet after him."

"Ha! that's often the case," said Gerald, laughing. "I think I had the pleasure of meeting this worthy, and very likely should

have had a sample of his dexterity had not some confidant at a distance seen these troopers."

The landlord listened to Gerald's description of the two horsemen.

"Yes," said he; "not a doubt of it. One of them was Turpin. I am rejoiced there was no occasion to draw in defence of your purse. You are a powerful man, Master Granville, and they say, the best shot in the county, or in any other county for aught I know. But that Dick Turpin is a devil when roused. It's better as it is, far better. Let the troopers catch him—they are paid for it—it's their trade. But I will go and send up the spiced ale, and the supper."

Our hero made a remarkably good meal. The god of love had not yet interfered with his digestion. He, moreover, drank a very tolerably fair proportion of good claret—a thing you could get good, at a roadside inn

in those days when teetotalism was totally unknown.

Gerald sat up till he was tired of doing nothing, except, indeed, exchanging a few civil words with the pretty waiting-maid of the Honourable Mrs. Atherstone, who chanced to pass him rather frequently in the long, rambling old gallery into which almost all the sleeping-rooms in the hostel opened. At the extremity of this corridor was a stained glass window, opening out into a massive wooden balcony, over a rather extensive garden, at the bottom of which ran the noble Thames.

“Try and open that window, Dennis,” said Gerald to his worthy valet, as he threw himself into bed; “it’s marvellously sultry and hot—there’s no air.”

“Bad cess to them,” said Dennis, failing to open the window; “I believe they never intended it should open; or it’s crazy with age and stiff joints.”

“Never mind,” said Gerald; “do not close the door; the people are all gone to rest except ourselves. By-the-bye, did you get a farrier to take off that shoe from Sultan?”

“The first thing I did, sir,” replied Dennis. “The other rascal might have lamed the poor beast for a time. He will be quite well to-morrow.”

So saying Master Dennis retired to his own roost. The night was in truth exceedingly sultry; not a breath of air was stirring; the rain had ceased, but a thick, unwholesome mist lay on the face of the country.

Gerald Granville slept—how long he knew not; but he was awakened by the glare of some strong light across his face. He opened his eyes, and, naturally enough, looked up; but the sight caused him to doubt whether he had awakened, or was still sleeping and dreaming.

There were neither curtains or canopy to the

couch he reposed on ; and standing close to the bed was a slight figure, vested in long, flowing robes of white. It held in its hand a small antique lamp. The eyes of the figure were wide open, and fixed, not upon him, but as if something else attracted them.

In an instant Gerald's thoughts and ideas were roused ; and then he saw that his unknown visitor was fast asleep.

She remained thus motionless for a minute ; but, during that brief period, Gerald, as he gazed earnestly into that pale, young face, saw that the figure was that of a young girl not more than thirteen or fourteen years of age. Though pale—exceedingly pale—the features were exquisitely lovely : the eyes were of a deep—a “holy blue”—and the ringlets that hung disordered over the neck and shoulders, were of raven hue. Altogether, there was a childish beauty in the innocently expressive face before him charming to a degree.

He scarcely breathed. We have said the

girl rested in a motionless attitude for about a minute; a slight smile parted the lips, and she lifted her arm in an attitude of attention; then moved gently on, placed the lamp on the table, and went to the window.

Silently and rapidly Gerald threw his dressing-gown over him, just as the young girl turned from a fruitless attempt to open the window, took up her lamp, and passed silently and slowly from the room.

Guessing, from the elegance and neatness of the night-dress the girl wore, that she must be the daughter of Mrs. Atherstone, Gerald followed, treading softly, fearing to waken her, and yet dreading she might come to some harm.

All was profoundly still as he followed the young somnambulist along the corridor. She put her hand to several doors, but they were closed. She was now close to the glass doors leading out to the balcony—and, whether purposely or not, they were partly open. She

laid the lamp on a marble slab holding flowers, and, pushing back the door, walked out. For an instant, Gerald lost sight of her. The next, a wild and piercing shriek rang through the air. Dashing through the doors, he beheld the girl in the arms of a man. Two others were climbing over the wooden balcony by means of a rope ladder.

“Devils and furies!” ejaculated the man, about to drop the girl, “what is this?”

But Gerald, quick in thought and rapid in execution, caught the insensible sleep-walker in his arms, and, before the man could well help himself, he struck him, with his right hand, a blow that felled him against the crazy wooden palings of the balcony.

“Curse him, shoot him!” roared the man, as he rolled over.

And the next instant, Gerald felt himself hit in the left arm by a pistol shot. All this was the work of a single instant. Bearing the girl in his arms, he rushed back into the corridor.

With a savage execration, the fallen man gained his feet, and, with the other two, threw himself over the balcony into the garden ; for the inmates of the house were by this time roused, both by the shriek of the young girl and the loud report of the pistol.

As Gerald re-entered the corridor, a lady, covered with a mantle, hastily thrown on, followed by two female attendants, by no means very particular in their hasty toilet, rushed forward to meet him. Hurrying up the great stairs, came several men, followed by the fat landlord, puffing and blowing, in the scanty garments he had been able, only partly, to assume. At their head, was O'Regan, with a brace of horse pistols in his hands.

“ Search the gardens. Go ; be active ! ” exclaimed Gerald, in a loud voice. “ There are thieves about the house.”

With a distracted, bewildered air—in fact, half dead with fright and agony of mind—the

lady, who was Mrs. Atherstone, rushed to meet Gerald, exclaiming—

“My God, my child! Insensible! What—what is the meaning of all this? Merciful heavens! she is covered with blood!”

“It is mine, madam; be not alarmed,” said Gerald; resigning the young girl to the care of her mother and attendants, who, without another word, hurried with her into one of the rooms in the corridor.

The men had all rushed down stairs, excepting the fat host, who seemed stupified.

“Mr. Granville—Mr. Granville, you are bleeding!” he at length exclaimed. “Let me see where you are hit. Oh! dear, dear, I am quite bewildered—knocked all of a heap.”

At that moment, back came O'Regan; and seeing, by the light of a lamp, that his master's dressing-gown was stained with blood, he became excessively alarmed.

“It's a mere scratch in the left shoulder,”

said Gerald, entering his room. "Did you catch any of the rascals?"

"Musha, devil take them! They got clean off; but they made a tolerable sweep of it. Be gorra, I'm bothered entirely. They tied and gagged the two ostlers; broke open the coach-house, and have ripped to baby rags the huge trunks and boxes strapped to the carriage. They had saddled your horse and mine, with (curse their impudence) the intention of taking them off. But, faix I'm in the clouds, it's such a mystery, altogether. What brought your honour out—begging your pardon—with the young lady in your arms? How the dickens did she get out of her mother's room? Ha!" he continued muttering, as he stripped his master's shoulder, "the Virgin be praised, it's a mere nothing! A cloth and a little cold water, Mr. Oldham—that's all that's wanting, and a strip of linen; and, by the powers, we shall be as well as ever."

Gerald explained the whole affair to the astonished landlord. O'Regan rubbed his head, uttering sundry ejaculations.

As day-light was now on the point of breaking, our hero proposed to his worthy host, as his hurt was not of the slightest consequence, that he should retire, and leave him to take an hour's rest or so; it being much too early for starting, and he should wish to see the ladies before setting out.

Sleep, our hero certainly did not; for the events of the night left him so much subject for thought, that he lay pondering over the whole affair, and thinking in his mind what a very lovely creature the fair somnambulist would make in three or four years—always provided she lost that dangerous habit of abandoning her couch during the night.

Though the ball of the robber had inflicted a mere flesh-wound "*en passant*," Gerald, when he rose to dress the following morning, found

his left arm rather stiff. However, with O'Regan's assistance, he accomplished his toilet .

"Do you know, sir," said Dennis, "I suspect our two queer customers of yesterday, had a finger in the plunder last night. They say there were some valuable jewels, and a large sum of money, in a casket, locked up in the huge trunk behind the carriage; and, now, what makes the affair clear to me, as a well-planned job, is, that one of the grooms—bad luck to him—the same that kept us drinking with him last night—and lately hired by Mrs. Atherstone—is decamped with his horse."

"Ha! indeed?" said Gerald; "it's plain enough, then. I had but a short glance, in the imperfect light, at the fellow I knocked down; but I feel certain he was the same man who accosted me on the road yesterday."

Just then, the landlord of the Queen's arms entered—

"Master Granville, I am very glad to see

you looking so well. I come with a message from the honorable lady, who is waiting breakfast for your worship. She sends her compliments, and hopes you will take your morning repast with her. She says she knows you very well by name. Lord bless me!" continued the worthy host, "she takes her loss of money and jewels as easy as I would a gallon of good ale. All she cares for is her dear young daughter."

"How is the young lady after the night's adventure?" demanded Gerald, finishing his toilet with a little more attention.

"Famous, Master Granville, famous," replied the host; "and as merry as a lark: laughed at the whole affair, till she heard you were wounded; and then she looked very grave indeed—saying she must be tied to her maid, and not allowed to disturb and bring people into trouble. Lord bless the little thing! we should all have been robbed if it had not been for her habit; for her maid says she

has a great trick of rising in her sleep, and going out rambling God knows where. They are going to London purposely to consult a first-rate physician about it."

Anxious to pay his respects to Mrs. Atherstone, Gerald cut short his loquacious landlord by requesting to be shown the way to the breakfast-room.

On entering a large, old-fashioned saloon, whose wide bow-windows looked out upon the Thames, and the very picturesque scenery on its opposite bank, Gerald was met by the Honorable Mrs. Atherstone. Our hero was at once struck with the elegant and graceful manner of his hostess, who, frankly and kindly, held out her hand, saying—

"You must have thought me, my dear sir, a most ungrateful as well as uncourteous dame last night. Not one word of thanks could I express, so confounded and bewildered did I become by the suddenness and strangeness of

the adventure, which is still wrapt in mystery to me. Come here, Aleen, you are too young to be blushing and hiding your little head. You are but a naughty child after all, so come and thank Mr. Granville for the care he took of you in your land of dreams."

With a cheerful smile, Aleen looked up, as she approached and held out her hand, and a fairy hand it was, saying—

"I was, indeed, mamma, a very naughty girl, and I trust Mr. Granville has not suffered from my infirmity; for I heard he was hurt by that horrid man who first woke me by coming against me."

Wishing in his heart the fair girl before him was a few years older, Gerald took the little hand, and gaily drawing her towards him, kissed her cheek, saying—

"I owe you, fair Aleen, a great deal more than you owe me for last night's adventure; indeed, more perhaps than we all think."

"However," interrupted Mrs. Atherstone, "let us commence breakfast. I will then enquire a full account of the whole affair; and to complete our obligations to Mr. Gerald Granville, I will request of him that, as he is bound for London, he will take the rest of the journey in our company."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," said Gerald. "I am at your disposal as to time and service."

During breakfast, Mrs. Atherstone observed that she had met his uncle, Sir Hugh Granville, several times, latterly, at Lord Althorp's. Gerald was absent at the University at the time.

"I heard your uncle," she added, smiling, "speak in high terms of his nephew; but little thought how soon I was to become a judge of his merits."

Gerald bowed, and said he was, in truth, well rewarded by gaining such charming acquaintances.

“Well, now we have done complimenting each other,” said the lady, gaily, “let me hear all about the affair. But, first of all, I must tell you, how my little maid happened to get out; for, during the last two years, after a severe fever, following the measles, Aleen has frightened me excessively by rising in her sleep, and walking about the room. I thought it was an accidental thing; but it occurred afterwards so frequently, that I got alarmed. I then found it necessary to make her sleep either in my chamber, or have an attendant in her own room, and to lock the door, and put away the key. Last night, somehow, they left the door without locking it; and the little wanderer got out. But where she went to, or when you first saw her, neither Aleen or myself know.”

As Gerald explained, Aleen's sweet and innocent features became the color of the rose.

“Well, indeed, indeed, I owe you much more than I ever imagined.”

“As I said before,” resumed Gerald; “we owe you the greatest amount of thanks; for those robbers would unquestionably have robbed the house, and, perhaps, lives would have been lost in the end. I have since been thinking, my dear madam,” continued Gerald, turning to Mrs. Atherstone, “that the heavy doors leading from the corridor into the balcony, were unbarred by some confederate—probably, the very man that absconded with your horse.”

“I quite agree with you, Mr. Granville,” responded Mrs. Atherstone, “and the more so as the casket of jewels which I am taking up to London to have re-set, was taken out of the trunk very late last night. You have heard, doubtless, that it was carried off with the rest of the articles stolen; but such was not the case, for it stood on a table in my room; and it makes me shudder when I think of it; for those robbers would undoubtedly have entered my room in search

of it, as the man who has absconded was perfectly aware where it was deposited."

"I am delighted," observed Gerald, "that the rascals failed in their attempt upon the jewels. So you see, fair Aleen, your being in the land of dreams last night, was, at all events, fortunate."

"But nevertheless," said the young girl in a serious tone, "you might have lost your life by it. That horrid man that fired the pistol at you, might easily have killed you. What a frightful thing for me to have had on my mind a whole life long! I should never feel happy again."

"She is singularly lovely for a child," thought Gerald, as he made some gay reply.

Shortly after, having passed a very pleasant hour or so at breakfast, the whole party got ready, and in a short time were on the road to London.

A very pleasant morning succeeded the

sultry night. The thick fog had vanished, and a light, refreshing west wind swept the mist from the river's banks. The fine scenery from the hostel to London, winding at times along the gently-flowing, and silvery Thames, afforded the whole party a delightful day's travelling. The landlord of the Queen's Arms was sadly annoyed that the honorable dame would not hear of his sending for a magistrate and some constables to investigate and enquire into the robbery and send out men in pursuit.

"On no account, my good Mr. Oldham," said Mrs. Atherstone, "What's lost, is lost. Investigation would be extremely painful to me. Let it rest as it is; for my loss is very trifling. Justice, some time or other, will overtake the offenders. But I do not wish to be an instrument in their punishment."

Late that evening the party reached London. Some portion of the way, Gerald rode inside

the chariot, a vehicle quite roomy enough to carry a whole family, domestics and all.

With all the joyousness of early youth, Aleen soon became as familiar and happy with Gerald as with a brother. Our hero found her mother a most charming and agreeable woman, fascinating in manner and conversation, and scarcely as much as four-and-thirty years old. Her beauty was remarkable; and a strong resemblance existed between mother and daughter.

The carriage containing the party drew up at a handsome mansion in Marlborough Street, belonging to a very dear friend of Mrs. Atherstone. A Mrs. McMahon, an Irish Lady of good connections, and wealthy. She also was a Londoner, but several years the senior of her friend.

Here Gerald took leave for the night, promising most faithfully to return the next day; and admonished by Mrs. Atherstone not to let the gaieties of the metropolis banish

from his mind, the recollections of his friends of the road.

Our hero, greatly pleased with his new friends, and half in love with the fair somnambulist, notwithstanding her extreme youth, took up his quarters in a very well-known hotel in that day, namely, The Star and Garter, Piccadilly, facing St. James's Street.

CHAPTER XI.

THE following day, after a necessary visit to a surgeon, who dressed his wound, which had given him some slight degree of pain the preceding day, though he kept it to himself, he proceeded to make some inquiries as to when the Transport was to sail for the Hague. London was not new to Gerald, as he had spent several months there the year before. He had also several very distinguished acquaintances; but intending to sail immediately the Transport did, he refrained from seeking them out.

He learned, however, that the "Royal Anne," would not sail for three or four days; and leaving O'Regan to see to the safe embarking of his horses and effects at the proper time, he resolved to spend those few days with Mrs. Atherstone and her daughter, by whom he was received with every mark of kind feeling. As to Aleen, she did not attempt to conceal the joy his presence caused her. O, happy period, of innocent youth! Who is there that does not look back on that period—not perhaps, with regret, but with a somewhat sad and mingled feeling? Aleen was innocence itself; and though a child in years, from a careful education, and the never absent companionship of her mother, she, at times, astonished our hero by the precocity of her thoughts, and the spirit of her conversation.

Now it happened that "The Royal Anne" was extremely slow in her work of lading. More than a week had elapsed; and O'Regan growled at the delay, vowing that all the

fighting would be over by the time she was ready for sailing.

“Three days more, my hearty,” said the first mate, slapping the impatient Hibernian on the back, “and you’ll be casting all the good things you have been stowing away in your hold to the fishes.”

Now that was precisely what Dennis O’Regan dreaded. Knowing what a martyr he was to that unrelenting enemy, sea sickness, and wishing devoutly that there was a bridge from Dover to Ostend, O’Regan tried to console himself by taking a social glass now and then with Mrs. Mc Mahon’s Irish servant.

Aleen played the harp with a skill far beyond her years. She knew, by heart, all the national melodies so dear to an Irishman.

“And where, Aleen,” said Gerald, one evening, as she played several of his favorite airs to him, “where did you learn your Irish melodies, and songs? I did not know that you ever had been in Ireland.”

"O, indeed! And pray what made you think that, Gerald?" For with all the ease of youthful intercourse, the formal "Mr." and "Miss," was quite laid aside.

"Why, Aleen, your mamma mentioned that she had resided some years in Hampshire, before she came into Oxfordshire; and you know, Aleen, you cannot reckon very many years; though, by-the-bye, that very pretty name of yours is decidedly Irish."

"Oh, then, you consider Aleen a pretty name—so now, if you are not impatient and can keep quiet, I will sing you a very pretty romance all about a namesake of mine—a real Irish song. Did you ever hear of the beautiful Aleen O'Connor, the great O'Connor of the west, as they styled him? Well, I dare say you did. So now I will sing the song for you."

In a voice inexpressibly sweet, flexible, and full, for one so very young, and who had not

yet attained her power. Aleen sang the old romance of O'Connor's daughter.

Scarcely had the last notes of the song died away, and before Gerald Granville had recovered from the surprise he felt at one so young accomplishing a really difficult song, and with so much feeling, Mrs. Atherstone and her hostess, Mrs. Mc Mahon, entered the room from the adjoining saloon, the latter lady saying—

“Why, Aleen, you quite surpassed yourself this evening. You seem, Mr. Granville, to have a strong liking to my country airs. Were you ever in Ireland?”

“Ever in Ireland!” echoed Gerald, with some slight surprise, though indeed had he not been particularly happy in the society of the ladies, he might have remarked that not once during his short acquaintance, had Ireland ever been mentioned except by Aleen, and then only when they happened to be alone. “Ever in

Ireland ! Why it's my native land, Mrs. Mc Mahon, as well as yours. My infancy and boyhood were passed in the South of Ireland. I dare say you know the places well, Castle Granville, and Glandore Abbey, near Castle Townsend."

"Glandore Abbey !" exclaimed Mrs. Atherstone ; and Aleen gazed anxiously into her mother's face—for she looked pale and even agitated.

"Yes," responded Gerald, thoughtfully ; "Glandore Abbey, the residence of my family for centuries. My father was Gerald Fitzmaurice, of Glandore Abbey."

Mrs. Atherstone actually trembled ; but, mastering an emotion that could scarcely fail to be observed by all, especially by Aleen, whose sweet face became saddened, she said—

"You surprise me, Mr. Granville ; but, indeed, I ought to apologize for being surprised." Then, forcing a smile, she added, "I thought

you were merely a Granville; and, knowing the Granvilles were originally an English family, I never thought about asking whether you were connected with the Irish family of Granvilles."

Mrs. Mc Mahon—whether she did it to relieve her friend, seeing she was not altogether herself, changed the subject; and the remainder of the evening passed somewhat less cheerfully than usual.

Gerald, on leaving, accepted an invitation to dinner the following day—as he pursued his way leisurely to his hotel, he pondered over in his mind the conversation that had so lately taken place. He saw evidently that Mrs. Atherstone was disturbed on hearing the name of his father, and Glandore Abbey mentioned. He knew, in fact, nothing whatever of Mrs. Atherston, nor had he made any enquiries. That she was of high birth, and wealthy, he made no doubt; but where she actually resided,

or what her maiden name was, he never thought about ascertaining, nor indeed till that moment did he think about it.

The following day, having some purchases to make for his voyage, he sallied out into the business part of the city while O'Regan proceeded to Deptford to see to the embarking of the horses, for the transport was to sail positively on the Saturday, and it was now Thursday.

Having several hours to spare, Gerald proceeded towards Westminster Hall; for he heard that her Majesty, Queen Anne, would be present that day, during the singular trial of Doctor Sacheverel. The city of London was in a ferment—a perfect fever—about this Doctor—who was accused of having preached up rebellion against the existing authorities, and defended the doctrines of non-resistance. The Church, he affirmed, was in danger—Gerald had paid little attention to all he heard about this worthy; but, feeling a sudden curiosity to have a glance at his Queen before

he drew his sword in her service, he strolled towards Westminster.

On approaching the Hall, the mass of human heads that presented themselves to his view astonished him. To proceed through the crowd, even aided by his great strength, he found no easy matter. The populace seemed wonderfully excited, and evidently seeking for some object upon which they could vent their passions.

Gerald had nearly reached the gates, when a loud shout, and the pressing back of the multitude, announced something new.

"The trial is over for the day; here comes the Queen," was passed from mouth to mouth. "Now we shall see the doctor," screamed a thousand voices.

Just then, Gerald, as he was about to turn away, rather disgusted with the promiscuous rabble he had suddenly got entangled amongst, beheld the Queen's sedan leave the hall. Immediately the multitude pressed close round

the chair, shouting at the top of their voices—

“God bless your Majesty !”

“Hurrah for the Church !”

“The Queen is for the doctor !”

“Three cheers for the glorious doctor !”

Her Majesty's sedan was, however, at once extricated from the crowd ; but a new source of excitement, caused the vast mass to heave and swell in another direction ; for the great, lumbering coach that drove up to the door, was known to be the vehicle in which the popular idol, the doctor, was daily conveyed from Westminster Hall to the Temple where he lodged.

As soon as the doctor was seen seated in the coach, the wildest shouts, cries, oaths, &c., rent the air—hats were tossed upwards, and, as they fell, were, of course, trampled under foot. Wishing he had not been so foolish as to get into such a crowd, Gerald began to extricate himself, and had nearly reached the foot

of Westminster Bridge, when two or three gentlemen were recognised by some of the mob as belonging to the party opposed to the doctor.

“Off with their hats! Knock them off! Duck them!” was shouted by hundreds.

While these mandates were being carried into effect, two men, who had closely followed the movements of our hero, and who were dressed in rough sailors’ coats, buttoned to the chin, suddenly pointed him out to the crowd, saying—

“Here’s one of them. Make him take off his hat.”

At first, Gerald could scarcely believe he was the person indicated; till a most filthy, unwashed artizan, with a ferocious grin of malice, thrust his hand in his face. Being incensed, Gerald, with a blow, felled the ruffian to the ground. Immediately the crowd closed upon him; and one of the two scoundrels, watching him eagerly, came behind, and with

a short loaded bludgeon dealt him a tremendous blow on the back of the head. Gerald staggered, and fell forward perfectly stunned.

This act terrified the crowd, who now eagerly strove to get as far from the fallen man as possible. The two fellows, however, no way abashed, advanced, and lifting Gerald's body in their arms, a task of no small difficulty, though they were powerful men, carried him off towards Westminster Stairs, close at hand, without any opposition from the frightened mob. Having thrown a heavy and ample boat-cloak over his person, they descended the Stairs, and hailed a wherry, which immediately answered the call.

"Here, my hearty," said one of Gerald's bearers, "here is the mate of the Lively Betsy. He got his head broke by the rioters. Shove us down the river to our boat at — Paul's wharf."

“Ay, ay, masters,” responded the waterman.
“The tide’s down strong.”

In a moment more, Gerald was laid along the thwarts, and the wherry shoved off.

“I say, Jim,” said one of the ruffians, in a low voice, “you laid it on with a will. Blow me if I don’t think the lad’s day-lights is started.”

“Gammon, Bill,” returned the other, contemptuously. “’Twould take a precious harder knock than that to settle him. All I’m fear’d of is his waking up afore we gets to our boat. Blow me, but ’twas a lucky go this time. I’ve been a watching of him going down to Deptford from them Stairs, this week past; but never had no opportunity of doing nothing. I have a precious boat’s crew below bridge. I meant, if I caught him without that Irishman, as attends him, to run our boat foul of his’n, and, in the scuffle, nab him. But he’s fast enough now. Look out! Here’s the Bridge, and the tide’s low.”

“Your mate, masters,” said the wherry man, “seems to have had a whopper : he’s as stiff as a dead un.”

“He’s plenty of life in him yet,” returned the former speaker. “He stirs now,” added he, in a low voice.

The next instant the boat shot London Bridge with great velocity ; and, the next instant, the wherry was pulled along-side a ship’s boat, with six able-looking seamen in her. On her stern was painted the name of the craft she belonged to—The lively Betsy.

After paying the wherry-man, Gerald, who gave evident signs of approaching consciousness, was carefully covered with the cloak, and lifted into the boat, which gave way immediately down the river.

“I say, Jem, he’s moving,” observed one of the ruffians. “Clap a gag in his mouth, and tie his arms : he’s a mortal powerful young fellow.”

“Ay, ay, Bill,” replied Jem, “I’ll spoil his potatoe-trap, if he opens it. His arms I’ll soon make easy.”

So saying, he fastened a strong band across both arms.

By the time this was performed, the boat pulled along-side a small coasting, schooner-rigged craft, on whose deck stood two seamen, who hailed the boat with a loud cheer.

“Now be handy, my men,” cried Jem; “he’s coming too rapidly; he’s opening his eyes.”

In a few minutes, Gerald was hoisted into the schooner, carried into the little cabin, and laid upon the floor.

“There now, my hearty,” said Jem, “you may open your peepers as soon as you like; and, what’s more, I’ll give you the use of your feelers.”

And he cut the cords that bound Gerald’s arms.

But Gerald was too feeble to do more than raise his hand to the back of his head on which the blood had clotted.

"You'll be all right by-and-bye, my lad," said Jem. "There's a jug of water, and there's a bottle of Hollands—a medicine I always uses hexternally and hinternally."

And so so saying, Jem left the cabin, bolting the strong door after him, and ascending the companion ladder.

"Now heave short, my lads," he called out to the seamen on deck, "we have still three hours ebb; and that will be quite enough, with this stiff breeze, to bring us alongside of the Warhawk."

The anchor was soon up, and the sails of the craft were spread to the breeze. Away glided The Lively Betsy down the river. It was dark night, however, when the lights of the town of Gravesend hove in sight. The flood had made, but the breeze was strong,

and right - aft. Tilbury Fort was passed, and on went The Lively Betsy, till Jem vociferated—

“Hang out the signal, Bill; there lies The Warhawk.”

CHAPTER XII.

DURING the period of getting under weigh, and then dropping down the river with the last of the tide, Gerald Granville began to recover the full use of his faculties. It is true he felt a stinging sensation of pain in the head from the severe blow he had received from the bludgeon, and which for a time prevented his examining his situation minutely, but seeing the pitcher of water, he repeatedly bathed his temples, and drank a copious draught, which soon

helped to restore him to some portion of his usual vigour.

By the steady and even motion of the vessel, he judged he was still sailing on the river. It was quite useless, then, distracting his head with conjectures and thoughts upon his singular abduction. He, moreover, felt quite satisfied it was a systematically planned affair; and although his captors did not seem absolutely inclined to take his life, yet it somehow struck him they would have felt very little uneasiness in perpetrating such a crime, were they to think it necessary.

Resolved in his own mind to seize the very first opportunity that offered, even at the risk of life, in an attempt to escape, he waited patiently till an opening should be given to him.

After some time, the noise was audible of a considerable commotion upon the deck above his head; and then a shock took place, as if the vessel he was in had run against, or along-

side of, a larger one. Heavy footsteps were soon heard descending the cabin stairs; the door was swung back, and four able-bodied seamen entered, each having a drawn cutlass in his hand, and a heavy, brass-mounted pistol in his belt.

Gerald looked keenly into the features of these men, and ran his eyes over their strong, wiry, and muscular frames. They seemed to be fellows who had seen service, and wild service, too, in a far more trying clime than that of Europe. Their bronzed complexions, bristly beards, and bushy whiskers, giving them a fierce appearance.

"Ah, my hearty," said one of the sailors, rolling a huge piece of tobacco into a commodious recess under his cheek, "I see you have opened your daylights. So bear a hand, and follow us quietly; otherwise another knock over the sconce may be necessary."

"You may spare your brutality," retorted Gerald, quietly rising, "lead on."

Two men led the way, laughing, while the other two brought up the rear.

On gaining the deck of the little vessel, Gerald strove to look about him ; but the night was intensely dark, and the atmosphere heavy and thick. He could, however, just discern the dark hull, and tall spars of a much larger vessel along-side of them.

“Now, then, bear a hand,” vociferated a strong, hoarse voice, from the deck of the large vessel. “Let us have no more of this cursed delay. You have stopped too long as it is.”

“Up the ladder with you, master,” said one of the men to Gerald ; “it’s devilish late on the tide.”

It at once struck our hero that if he ascended the side of the large vessel, his fate would be sealed, and all chance of escape lost. Just as he put his foot upon the ladder, the sound of a large bell, sounded from the shore, and his eye, for an instant, caught the twinkling of lights

on his right, which satisfied him the land was at no great distance.

There were few better swimmers than Gerald Granville; and he at once resolved to make a desperate attempt to escape. As he ascended to the ladder, a sailor, with a cocked pistol, was following, when suddenly lifting his foot, Gerald struck so violent a blow upon the head of the man close below him, that he drove him and the other man back upon the deck of the little craft. The next instant he kicked off his shoes, and sprang overboard. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued on board both crafts. Oaths, execrations, and abuse from one to the other, pealed through the air.

As he rose from the plunge and endeavoured to extricate himself from his coat (for the tide was rapidly hurrying him away from the vessels) Gerald heard one of the men say, with a savage curse—

“Not a boat along-side, by ——! The Captain’s ashore with the jolly-boat; and the

gig is crushed to pieces by the lubberly way you came along-side."

"Shiver my timbers!" exclaimed another of the men! "here's a pretty go! But, cast off the schooner—here's wind enough."

Gerald heard no more; the tide was running up, though he knew it not, for the gloom was excessive, and he at first swam with the tide, whilst, during the excitement of his escape, and the first few moments succeeding it, he bestowed but little thought upon the danger attending it. He guessed he was in the river a little below Gravesend; but he could not distinguish the shore, for a mist was lying on the waters, and the river full a mile broad.

As he looked round, he heard a man's voice, and then caught a glimpse of a vessel under sail, following in his wake. The instant he perceived it, he came across a small hawser, of which he immediately laid hold, and then it was he became aware of the immense strength of the spring tide. With the greatest difficulty,

he held on ; as he retained his hold, the vessel he had seen passed within a few yards, and he could distinctly hear the imprecations of the men as they passed. At first, he greatly feared being discovered, for they kept swinging a large lantern over the side.

Gerald mentally breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to Providence as the schooner shot by, and disappeared in the mist.

He then resolved, as he held by no means an enviable situation, to gain the deck of the small vessel, to whose hawser he was indebted for his safety. He could perceive she was a little one-masted boat, not more than eight or ten tons, with a half-deck ; in fact, one of the Gravesend Peter boats, employed in shrimping, and generally worked by one man and a boy.

It was not an easy task to get on board ; but he succeeded at last. No sooner, however, had he clambered up upon the deck, than a rough voice, between a growl and a snore, sung out from under the forecastle—

“Hallo, there! Who the devil are you? What do you want aboard, and be d—d to you? I’ll welt you with a rope’s end if you don’t mizzle, you shore-going thief.”

And with these words, a great, rough, grizzled head was thrust out, and then the broad shoulders of the owner followed, covered with a red flannel-shirt, and inexpressibles of the same materials; a horn lantern was in one of his hands, and a broken boat-hook in the other.

Holding his lantern up, he cast a glance around; and perceiving our hero sitting on the stump of the bowsprit, he at once sung out—

“Bill, boy! Bill, you lazy lubber, rouse out! There’s the devil, for all I know, aboard of us! Rouse up!”

“I’m feared to come, father,” replied the person appealed to. “If it’s the ould one, he’s arter the shrimps.”

“My good fellow,” said Gerald, rising and jumping down along-side of the startled

shrimper, "don't be alarmed. I'm neither the devil nor one of his satellites."

"Curse your set of lights," retorted the man. "Who are you? How did you get here? I'll poke this in your ribs if you don't start overboard in a shake." And the old fisherman flourished his boat-hook in downright earnest.

"Be he the devil, father?" timidly inquired the boy Bill, from the hatchway. "Don't 'ee go near he, father; he smells mortal strong of brimstone, now."

"Confound your stupidity!" ejaculated Gerald, catching the old man by the arm, to save himself from a thrust of his novel weapon. "My good fellow, you are in error. I am no stealer of shrimps. The noise you make, may cost me my life; and then you will lose a couple of guineas, which I will give you, if you hold your tongue, and weigh anchor."

"Don't heed he, father," interposed the boy; "give him a poke aft with the boat-hook."

But Gerald's tone and manner, and the clear sight of his dress the old man got, besides the apparition of some gold, which Gerald pulled from his pocket, satisfied the fisherman he was no purloiner of shrimps, at all events.

"Zounds! who are you then?" growled the old man. "How did you get on board?"

"Never mind the how," replied Gerald. "There's three guineas for you. Some rascals were kidnapping me, and I escaped from them by swimming."

"Lord love 'ee! I see it now. They were crimpers, curse 'em" exclaimed the fisherman. "But you're safe, now. Come into my cabin, and I'll give you a stiff glass of grog, and a dry jacket. Jump out of the cuddy, you whelp," added he to his son Bill. "Step into my nest, your honour," continued the old man; "though it's rather low for your worship."

With some difficulty, Gerald squeezed his tall form into the cabin of the shrimper—which, probably, measured six feet in length, by four

in height, with two sleeping places, one on each side. The candle, being taken from the lantern, gave the old man a more perfect survey of his guest; and, uninitiated as he was in the mystery of the dress, &c., of the aristocracy of the land, he saw enough, judging by the splendid gold watch, rings, and remaining apparel of his passenger, that he was far above those he was accustomed to mix with, or even see.

Nevertheless, he produced from a side-locker a stone jar, filled with unexceptionable Hollands, of which Gerald, very willingly, took a couple of glasses—or rather horns.

Between our hero and the burly form of the old shrimper, the little cuddy was pretty well filled; indeed, the heat became so oppressive, that Gerald, wet as he was, very willingly sallied out upon deck, after putting on a clean, dry, Guernsey frock, and a pair of the boy Bill's tremendous shoes, for which he slipped into the hand of the delighted urchin, (a youth of some fifteen years), a golden guinea.

As he turned round to go out of the cabin, the old fisherman caught a sight of the blood clotted on the back of his head.

“Ugh, sir!” exclaimed he, “I knew it was them infernal crimpers. There’s been a long, low, black devil of a schooner lying off Gravesend these several days. I knowed there were queer customers aboard. They don’t care how they knocks a man’s head about.”

“A good washing will remedy that evil,” said Gerald.

“I can’t think as how, your honour, they could think of mistaking the likes of you,” rejoined the fisherman.

Grumbling and swearing alternately, the old man and his boy got the anchor up; and, setting their sails, they ran up the river, with a stiffish breeze, that had sprung up from the east. In less than five hours, they reached Blackwall; by which time Gerald’s clothes, which had been hanging before the small stove

in the cuddy, were pretty dry. Still, he had no coat, and was obliged to be content with a Flushing-jacket belonging to the old man.

Giving the shrimper the direction and name of his hotel, he landed near where now stands St. Catherine's Dock; and, hailing a sedan, was at once conveyed to his hotel.

It was not yet morning; and the streets were nearly deserted. At his inn he only found the porter and the night waiter in attendance. Their astonishment was great, indeed, on beholding our hero's strange costume; nevertheless, they appeared rejoiced at his safe return, as his servant, O'Regan, had expressed excessive uneasiness at his prolonged absence, and had been absent all night, with two of the city watch, to discover what had become of him.

Being too fatigued to enter into any particulars, Gerald retired immediately to his chamber; and, throwing off his motley attire, went to bed, and, in a marvellously short time,

was fast asleep, notwithstanding many perplexing thoughts, and an uneasy sensation where he had received the blow. His slumbers were deep and long ; for, when he was awakened by the bright sunshine, and the noise and bustle without, he conjectured it was late in the day.

As he looked round the chamber, he perceived Dennis O'Regan standing with his back towards him, holding in one hand, between the finger and thumb, the clumsy shoes of the boy Bill, and, in the other, the Flushing-jacket. Having contemplated these strange articles, he broke into a low laugh, muttering to himself—

“ Be Jabus, after all, he's only been at a masquerade ; but, faix, he'd a mighty queer choice of garments, if he danced in these beautiful shoes. But, murder ! how's this ?” And he suddenly let go the jacket, and picked up the garments which showed evident signs of having had a good ducking.

“Be the immortal powers!” continued Dennis, he’s been swimming!” And, turning round, Gerald burst into a laugh at the ludicrous expression of O’Regan’s face.

“Be my conscience, sir, you *may* laugh,” said Dennis, in a serious tone, “but I never passed such a night as I did yesterday. But the Lord be praised! it’s turned out nothing after all. Where did you get so wet, sir? And how, in the name of goodness, did you get these articles? Was it masquerading you were?”

“In truth, Dennis,” replied Gerald, “it was anything but masquerading. In the first place, I was knocked over the head; and, in the next, had to swim for my life. But don’t look so aghast. Here I am, safe and sound.”

“I knew there was something wrong, sir,” said O’Regan, as he examined his master’s head, and heard a full account of the affair. “There’s some villany at work, sir. I’ll swear this was no crimping business, as the

city watch wanted to persuade me. Hadn't I better go for a surgeon, sir?"

"Wash off the blood, Dennis, and get me a piece of sticking-plaster; that's all the doctoring I shall require. You ought to know that a knock on the head is not so very uncommon an occurrence in our little Island; and, somehow or other, whether our heads are harder or thicker than our opposite neighbours, these knocks do not turn out very tragical. After all, it *may* have been a crimping affair, as they are eagerly getting men not only to man our ships, but also to man certain very suspicious-looking crafts fitting out for some foreign expedition."

O'Regan shook his head, but said little, while he assisted to finish his young master's toilet. But in his own mind, he thought very differently, and firmly resolved not to lose sight of him, while they remained in London.

Having breakfasted, and finding himself, not a particle the worse for his night's adventure,

he was preparing to set out on a visit to Mrs. Atherstone, when the waiter delivered him a notice from the captain of the transport, The Royal Anne, to the effect that she would sail on the morrow with the turn of the tide, an intimation which delayed our hero in paying his visit, till the hour of dinner.

On proceeding to the house of Mrs. McMahon, he was extremely amazed at hearing from the servants that Mrs. Atherstone and daughter had left for Oxfordshire early in the morning. A letter, however, was handed to him from that lady.

More vexed than the occasion seemed to warrant, Gerald returned in a musing fit to his hotel, and opening the letter, read as follows.—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“It is with feelings of deep regret I have to apologise to you for our

sudden and unforeseen departure from London. We are too sensible of the obligation we are under to your gallantry, not to feel distressed at this *contre-temps*, and trust that although a long period may intervene before we meet again, you will till then allow us a place in your memory.

“Wishing you, from our hearts, a brilliant and fortunate career in the profession you have selected, and a safe return to your native land—

“Believe me ever your sincere friend,

“MATILDA ATHERSTONE.”

Gerald read this short epistle twice; folded it up, and placed it in his pocket-book. The following morning he embarked with his attendant, O'Regan, on board The Royal Anne, which got under weigh shortly after.

way.

under way - to move along - The anchor is weighed, but the ship under way.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE transport, which, for the days of "good Queen Anne," was a very respectable and tolerably sea-worthy craft, fortunately had very nearly sufficient room below her deck for the living and dead cargo, she was destined to carry to the Hague.

The live cargo consisted of a detachment of infantry, and double the number of recruits, under charge of Lieutenant Carisford and a young ensign of the name of Dawlish ; Gerald

Granville, his attendants and horses; the captain of the transport, and twenty-two able-bodied seamen. As to her dead cargo, it was composed of very combustible materials, being nothing more nor less than gunpowder. As much as possible was stowed away in her hold; the rest, contained in kegs, was ranged along the deck and covered with tarpaulins.

In those good old days—as it is the fashion to call them—when steam was only seen from cooking apparatus, and when square-rigged craft worked to windward, with anything but a certainty of gaining ground—The Royal Anne, was destined to proceed, but slowly on her voyage to the Hague, though she commenced her trip extremely well; starting from Gravesend with a fine north west breeze, but very doubtful sky. With wind and tide she glided into the Lower Hope, when suddenly her sails flapped against her masts—again filled with an expiring puff—and finally reposed in

very picturesque folds from the yards and spars. The mate whistled and gazed up at the sails; the passengers looked blank.

"Confound the wind!" exclaimed a very fat corporal, who was extremely anxious to get to the Hague.

"We are going to have a calm, captain," said Lieutenant Carisford, looking over the bulwarks upon the unruffled surface of the river.

"No sir," replied the Captain, turning his glass in every direction. "We shall have a strong breeze from the eastward in a short time; often the case here."

"I wish to Heaven it had had the politeness to stay in the east," said Ensign Dawlish, with a very doleful look. "It's always my luck. Cursed hard a man cannot go to sea but he must always have a foul wind. I told you, Carisford, this morning, how it would be."

"You are a regular Jonah, Dawlish," ob-

served the handsome Lieutenant, with a smile.

“Did you ever make the voyage to Holland before, sir?” inquired the Ensign of our hero, who just then joined them.

“I have not had that pleasure, if pleasure it is,” replied Gerald. “I regret to hear you say you are not one of fortune’s favorites at sea.”

“No, faith, nor for the matter of that,” rejoined the Ensign, laughing, “does the jade treat me very well upon terra firma.”

Gerald soon turned from the foppishly dressed person and insignificant figure of the Ensign, to enter into conversation with Lieutenant Carisford, whose fine form, prepossessing features and manners at once engaged his interest. The Lieutenant was struck by the same qualifications in Gerald.

The Captain of the transport was quite right; for the wind did come up from the

eastward, forcing the Royal Anne to brace her yards, and commence that pleasing manœuvre, called tacking, which enables a passenger to get the most for his money, by performing five times the intended distance.

An easterly wind has, proverbially, like that domestic animal, the cat, nine lives. For the first three days it kept gradually increasing, till it encouraged itself into a regular gale; so that on the fifth, the namesake of the good Queen thought it no disgrace to show her stern to the enemy, and seek shelter from the storm in the very disagreeable harbour of Sheerness.

A somewhat similar disposition, and a mutual feeling of interest in each other, soon rendered Gerald Granville and Arthur Carisford intimate and social with each other. Unfortunately, the east wind had more than its usual complement of lives, for nearly a fortnight elapsed before the transport could resume her voyage; and during that period, a close friend-

ship ensued between the young men, who passed their time in rambles over the uninteresting Isle of Sheppey, and in excursions up the Medway to Rochester and Chatham.

Lieutenant Carisford, during these rambles, made Gerald Granville acquainted with the few incidents of his past life, and his hopes for the future. To our hero's great surprise, he learned that his new friend came from Oxfordshire, and that he was a *protégé* of Lord Althorp. The Lieutenant's history may be told in very few words. Arthur's father was educated for the church, and, when of age, was highly recommended by a Cambridge gentleman of fortune, whose acquaintance he had made while pursuing his studies in the university, as a tutor to the only son of Lord Althorp.

So much satisfaction did Mr. Carisford give to his noble patron, that, as soon as his duties were ended, his lordship presented him with the small, but comfortable, living of S——.

Shortly after which event, he married the daughter of a highly respectable country gentleman, with whom he received the sum of two thousand pounds.

In the course of years, Mr. Carisford's pupil succeeded to the title and estates of his father. His Lordship did not forget his former tutor; he was a kind and generous nobleman, but somewhat apt to place too great importance upon rank and station. As soon as it was within his power, he presented Mr. Carisford with a valuable living, who at this period, unfortunately became a widower, with an only son.

Misfortunes, they say, never come single. By the failure of a mercantile house, Mr. Carisford lost, not only the two thousand pounds—his wife's fortune—but also another thousand which he had added to it from his savings.

Arthur Carisford, however, became an orphan at an early age; a fever, caught while attending a sick parishioner, having carried off his

father, Lord Althorp kindly and promptly came forward, and had the poor boy placed at a first-rate school, and then sent to the University to be educated for the Church. Almost all Arthur's vacations were spent at his patron's seat in Oxfordshire; for his lordship was much attached to his promising and handsome *protégé*. With all his pride of hereditary rank, Lord Althorp was blessed only with four fine daughters, but no son. And most unfortunately, perhaps, for Arthur Carisford, he took a dislike to the profession his lordship intended him to enter; and, at the same time, to make up for that dislike, he became passionately attached to the youngest of his lordship's daughters. This attachment was returned; though the young couple were perfectly aware that such an interchange of affection was akin to insanity.

Somehow, in all ages, and in all countries, love certainly flourishes most under an uncongenial atmosphere, something akin to the

Greek fire--the more you attempt to extinguish it, the fiercer it burns--opposition seems to be the renewal of life to all affairs or undertakings in this world, whether in love or religion, or politics: cease to oppose, and they will die a natural death. The more the young couple reasoned about the possibility of their union, and that they would struggle against the blind decrees of the blindest of urchins the more they sighed to meet again; ostensibly to reason the matter over more clearly.

Arthur Carisford vowed he would carve his fortunes with his sword. Alas! the age for winning kingdoms with the point of the lance, was past; and the nineteenth century, which beheld many a man wear a crown who had commenced life with a very indifferent covering for the head, was not yet come. Still, Julia applauded the resolution of her handsome lover. She liked his spirit; and, in the end, she faithfully promised that the moment he obtained a ma-

jority, she would, in despite of fate, fortune, and parental authority, unite her destiny to his.

“For,” said she, “I dare say, Arthur, dear, I shall be twenty-one at that time.” And she sighed deeply, for she was then only seventeen. It was a long, long way to twenty-one.

All Arthur now required, was, not to face the enemy, but Lord Althorp, and state his unwillingness to become one of the worst-treated of all professions, a poor curate, which, at that period, was to be like the famous parson, “passing rich on forty pounds a year.”

To Arthur’s extreme astonishment, one morning his lordship called him into the library, and, in very few words, yet kindly spoken, informed him that he very clearly perceived the Church was not his choice ; and that he had procured him an Ensign’s Commission in the —— Foot. He added that he might depend on his interest in promoting his rise in the

army, but that he must set out immediately and join his regiment.

Whether his lordship was clearer sighted than the lovers gave him credit for or not, Arthur could not say. Nevertheless, transported with joy, he contrived to see his mistress alone—reminded her of her promise about the majority, which he made no doubt of obtaining in a very short period—by his services and the interest of her father—pressed a first kiss upon her willing lips, and departed to seek favour and rank under the banners of General Barclay.

Arthur served in Holland with credit ; nevertheless, he was seven-and-twenty before he obtained his lieutenancy ; and alas ! Julia reached the one-and-twenty, and all her sisters had married. Still, she was faithful and true. By far the handsomest of the four, she had steadily refused several proposals, superior to those which had fallen to the lot of her elder companions.

Whatever he thought, her father said little ; for, at heart, he was a kind and considerate parent, and never expressed any desire to force, or even to bias, his daughter's choice.

At the period of meeting Gerald Granville, Carisford was expecting every day a company ; and our hero vowed when he heard Arthur's story, that he would write to his uncle, Sir Hugh, and get him to exert his interest with those in power, and also to see what could be done with his lordship, who was extremely partial to the Baronet's society, and greatly inclined to be guided by his opinion on many things.

At length, to the infinite relief of all parties, the east wind ceased, and the weather settled. The Royal Anne, started with studding sails alow and aloft, and actually ran within a few hours of her destination, notwithstanding the repeated assertions of doleful Ensign Dawlish "that something would happen."

To this, he would frequently add, shaking his head—

“We are not over yet—we are not over yet.”

It was night as The Royal Anne approached the shores of Holland. The officers were below sipping such wine as the captain of the transport had provided for them, and which was by no means to be found fault with, when a sudden and most violent shock threw Ensign Dawlish, who had just laid hold of a flask, right over the table, with his head immersed in the open locker from which the flask had just been extracted.

“Oh! I knew how it would be,” moaned the ensign, as Gerald, who, with Carisford, had been also capsized, extricated him from the locker. From the noise and confusion on deck, they conjectured that the transport had struck upon one of the many sand-banks that defend the entrance into Scheveling. They hurried

upon deck, where a scene of confusion and uproar, beyond description, existed. The soldiers and recruits were pitched right and left as The Royal Anne rolled heavily from side to side ; while the crew were busily engaged taking in sail.

Carisford soon got his men under control ; and, as the weather was fortunately not rough, the only consequences attending the disaster, would be the delay of a tide.

The following morning, the voyagers were all landed safe and sound. Gerald, taking leave of Carisford—who proceeded with his men by canal—set forward for the Hague on horseback. On reaching the Hague, he learned that the Duke was there, as Generalissimo of the allied army, actively engaged against the forces commanded by the Duke of Burgundy and Marshal Boufflers. This induced him to push on as fast as he could with his horses, fearing to be too late. He arrived, however,

in sufficient time to gain a tolerable share of the laurels that crowned the first campaign of the Duke, to whom he was personally introduced, having been attached to the cavalry regiment, commanded by Colonel Delmar.

At the storming of D——, his good fortune as well as his daring gallantry led him into a situation, where he performed a most important service to the Duke, and supplied, for a time, the place of his aide-de-camp, two of whom had been shot by his side. His Grace bestowed upon him unqualified praise for his gallantry, and offered him a commission in the distinguished regiment he was attached to; but, having promised Sir Hugh, not to take permanent service, though he greatly regretted the promise, he was obliged to decline, stating the reason.

He, however, did not forget his friend Carisford, who was wounded in the action, and had

the satisfaction, shortly afterwards, at the storming of Linburg, where he was personally attached to the staff of the Duke, to procure Carisford a captain's commission. The Duke of Marlborough took an exceeding fancy to Gerald Granville, and earnestly requested him to write to Sir Hugh, and obtain his consent to enter the army, offering him a captain's commission. This, Gerald was most eager to do, and wrote accordingly; but before his letter could reach its destination, he received one, the contents of which filled his mind with grief and astonishment.

The letter had experienced considerable delays in reaching Gerald, being dated two months back; but the rapid movements of the army, the unsettled state of the country, and the insecure method of transit from one place to another, had caused delay. The only wonder was that it ever reached its destination; for the worthy writer, Mr. Briefless, had forgotten

to have it forwarded in the government despatches.

“Cork, September 9th, 170—.”

“My dear and respected young friend,

“I write in the greatest haste and deep distress of mind. You have lost the best and kindest of relatives, and I an old and highly respected friend.

“Your honorable uncle, Sir Hugh, was carried off suddenly by apoplexy, at Castle Granville. The event has so confounded, perplexed, and confused me, that I scarcely know what I am doing. I set out for the Castle the moment the intelligence reached me. What astonishes me, at the same time, is, that no will is to be found. It is not possible it was destroyed. But no matter: you are heir-at-law. Excuse this letter; but I trust you will

set out on your return as soon as you receive it. I wrote to Mr. Harmer, who was unfortunately in Oxfordshire. Everything shall be done that ought to be done. I have sealed up everything.

“ Hoping to see you soon,

“ I remain,

“ My dear young friend,

“ Your sincere well-wisher,

“ JOHN BRIEFLESS.”

Our hero, now Sir Gerald Granville, after reading this letter, remained immersed in profound sorrow and thought. He loved his noble and kind-hearted uncle. As a fond father, from his earliest childhood, he had done everything to repair the loss Providence had thought fit to inflict upon him, that the best of parents could have done; and a strong and mutual

love grew in the hearts of each. This sudden blow came upon Gerald with stunning force : he even upbraided himself for having left his uncle to gratify his own inclinations. One thought brought on another ; and a maze of painful reflections followed each other through his disturbed brain. He stood alone in the world, without a single tie of relationship. The unfortunate fate of his father's family—the mysterious abduction of his brother Cuthbert—his uncertain fate—the mystery attending the introduction of the false Cuthbert Fitzmaurice—the attempt, if not on his life, at least upon his liberty on the eve of his departure from London—even the sudden withdrawal of Mrs. Atherstone from the metropolis, when he felt so unaccountably interested and struck with the beauty and grace of the young Aleen—all these events floated through the young soldier's brain in melancholy array.

O'Regan's grief was as great as his master's ;

and bitterly he bewailed their absence, which prevented their attending his remains to their last resting-place

The entrance of Captain Carisford roused Sir Gerald from his gloomy and melancholy thoughts.

“I would leave on the instant, Arthur,” said our hero to his friend, who learned the intelligence of the Baronet’s death with much regret, “could my presence be of any earthly benefit to any one living. But, as far as my beloved uncle is concerned, alas, it is too late to shew him even that last sad token of respect and love; and as to worldly wealth and my prospects as heir, I am quite content to abide by the worthy lawyer’s attention to it; for it strikes me, in our present position, with this great battle pending between the two forces, it would never do to leave my post.”

“I perfectly agree with you, Gerald,” said Captain Carisford. “Besides, you have a brilliant career before you, and your own in-

clination prompts you to follow it up. It strikes me that previously to this contemplated battle, it would be as well, as no obstacle intervenes, if you were to accept the Duke's earnest offer, and take the command of that fine body of men who so anxiously wish to enter the field under you."

Accordingly, the next morning, Sir Gerald Granville obtained an audience of the Duke, which ended in his appointment to the command of the — Dragoons.

It is not our purpose, nor does the interest of our story require it, to follow, step by step, the military career of Sir Gerald Granville. It was a period when rank and wealth, combined with great gallantry, obtained rapid and high promotion. Sir Gerald gained laurels rapidly: he accompanied the Duke with only thirteen thousand English troops through extensive countries, and reached, after a most extraordinary march, the banks of the Danube. The enemy were defeated in a brilliant

action at Donavert. The river was crossed, and the kingdom of Bavaria laid under contribution. There Sir Gerald Granville became the hero of the hour—saved the Duke at a moment of great peril—was severely wounded—and received a lieutenant-colonel's commission.

Here we must leave him for a time, requesting our reader's indulgence while we look after some of the other characters who have to perform no inconsiderable part in the further progress of our story.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE commenced our story at a time called by Voltaire, the "Era of British Liberty," the year 1688. The reader, we trust, will allow us to take him to a period about five years after that stormy epoch; and also to convey him to a very wild part of the world, though quite near home.

In the year 1693, there dwelt upon the Island of St. Mary, one of the group forming the Cornish Archipelago, called the Scilly Isles—a fisherman and pilot of the name of

Jack Morris. This singular cluster of Islands lies about thirty miles off the west coast of Cornwall. Seven of them were inhabited at the time of our story, by a very simple, industrious, inoffensive race, who subsisted by fishing and piloting vessels clear of the vast number of hidden rocks, shoals, &c., which render the navigation very perilous. Nevertheless, small as these Islands are, they feed a goodly number of sheep, and are well populated.

The Island of St. Mary, the largest, is nearly four miles long, by something better than two broad; and possesses within its boundaries various antiquities, and the remains of a Druid's temple and sepulchre. At the period of our narrative, these Islands were as much dreaded by navigators as the ancient Scylla and Charybdis, for they did not then boast of the noble lighthouse that now stands on St. Agnes.

Even in the present day, when steam roars,

and puffs its snow-white wreaths over land and sea, the Scilly Islands are almost a *terra incognita*. Nevertheless, they are well worthy a traveller's notice.

On the south-west side of St. Mary's, in a snug cottage—built near the edge of a very steep cliff, that overhung a small but safe anchorage for half a dozen fishing-boats—dwelt Jack Morris. Jack was a stout, hale old fellow, nearly sixty years of age. He was a widower, and the father of two ruddy, hard-working, comely girls—the eldest about twenty, and the youngest fifteen.

To the back of the cottage lay ten or twelve acres of tolerable land, and tolerably cultivated. Along the cliff, might be seen on a fine sunny day, some hundreds of split ling (or cod-fish), and conger eels of most enormous size, stretched out drying. On the beach below were hauled up three or four large pilchard boats; and, riding at anchor, two luggers. All these things—land, cottage, fish, and boats—called

Jack Morris master and owner. It is not to be wondered, then, that by the little community of St. Mary's, honest Jack should be styled a very thriving, if not wealthy, individual.

Jack thought so too ; and if any one beheld him, on a fine, sunny winter's morning—his broad, ample chest, bared to the keen north-east wind—his dark, sunburnt, but most good-humoured face, with a pipe stuck in the side of his mouth, his large fisherman's boots reaching high above his knees—sitting at the door of his cottage, with his jug of strong ale before him, and his twinkling grey eyes complacently watching attentively his rosy-cheeked daughters, as they actively turned the dried fish to the sun, and then gazing on his craft, as she lazily rose and fell in the long groundswell, rolling over the hidden ranges of rock that lay scattered across the mouth of the cove, they would say that honest Jack Morris was, in truth, a very comfortable man, and very well to do.

One blowing morning in November, a month famous for haze, fog, storm—in fact, for every thing unpleasant, Jack Morris, after an early breakfast, and looking up first at the clouds, and then out over the heavy sea, called together his crew, consisting of four men and a boy, and declared he would have a cruise, as he was sure they would fall in with some homeward-bound craft, or anything else that might turn up. It had blown a gale the preceding night from the south, and in the morning when it lulled, the wind shifted a point or two to the eastward, with what a landsman would call thick, dirty weather.

Jack Morris and his hardy crew were soon aboard his fast lugger; and under her fore-lug and mizen, he ran off to sea several miles, riding over the heavy swells like a duck. Having gained an offing, he lay to. For several hours they kept a sharp look-out, but not a single sail met Jack's sight; so, not to be idle, they put out their heavy lead

lines, and commenced catching some cod and hake.

As the day declined, and the weather grew thicker, Jack Morris began to growl—first, at losing a monstrous large cod, and next at not seeing a single ship.

“You may let draw the fore-sheet, Will,” said Morris; “there’s not a craft on the seas to-day. Whatever’s gone with them?”

Now Jack was not just in his remark; for, unless he ran right into a ship, or a ship right into him, it was quite impossible, from the fog, to see her. Fifty craft might have passed within a quarter of a mile of him without his seeing one of them.

As Will let draw the fore-sheet, he also muttered to himself at not seeing anything in the shape of a ship, though there ought to be, he thought, a whole fleet, after the night’s gale, and the point the wind was in.

The sail filled, and away went the lively lugger, bounding on over the crested waves,

her bow for her island home. Old Jack lighted his pipe, called for a stone jar, and filled out a good glass of pure Hollands for each of his crew, and half a one for the boy, who, if consulted, would have preferred a full one. They then stretched themselves along under the weather bulwarks.

“That was a bit of luck old Griffs had,” said one of the men to the skipper. “Had that Indiaman struck ten feet further in on ‘The Bishops,’ she’d have gone to pieces like a bit of rotten spun-yarn.”

“Starboard! My eyes! Hard a starboard!” shouted the man forward. “I’m blowed, if we ain’t slap into a craft of some sort or other.”

Jack, who had hold of the tiller, jammed it hard a-starboard, looking anxiously and keenly to windward, as the lugger shot up into the wind’s eye, escaping, by a few yards, running aboard the dismasted hull of a Dutch galliot.

Not a soul appeared to be on board, for the lugger's crew hailed repeatedly.

"Here's a prize, skipper!" cried the crew of the lugger. "Let us get the punt out, and see what's aboard her."

All alive at the prospect of a prize, the small boat was launched over the side. Notwithstanding the stiff breeze and heavy sea, the lugger lay to, with only Jack Morris and the boy; while the four men pulled on board the dismasted craft, up whose side they contrived to get, after some difficulty, and watching the seas.

"My eyes, lads!" exclaimed the man named Will, in a voice betokening disappointment, as his eyes roamed over the wreck. "My eyes and limbs, if it han't blown masts, sails, riggings, and bulwarks away! Blow me! I wonder it didn't blow the eye-bolts away too. She's full of water; and devil a pump fit to work in her."

Their first job was to get the hatch off; and then Will poked his head down to bless himself with the expected sight of Dutch cheeses, hollands, brandy, or any thing else that might be; but, much to their vexation, they beheld only a quantity of saturated ballast, a few coils of rope, and some broken planks floating about. Down the forecabin, however, they found a cask of hollands, a small one of brandy, and a large quantity of soaked provisions.

“Now for the cabin;” exclaimed Will, hurrying below. The water had just reached the cabin-floor; but the entire furniture of the cabin was all knocked of a heap with the heavy rolling of the craft. As Will kept poking his head and his hands into the berths and lockers, he was startled by hearing a faint cry from one of the berths.

Will paused; and then sung out to his comrades to come below. Hearing the cry repeated, he climbed into a berth, and, to his

great amazement, found a young boy, about four years of age, rolled up in the blankets, but half dead, and scarcely able to utter the cry that attracted the rough, but kind-hearted, sailor.

“ Well, I’m blessed, Jem,” said the finder of the child to his comrade, “ if them lubbers as owned this here craft, hadn’t black hearts to leave this here boy to die of starvation. It’s nigh dead with cold now. But bear a hand; let us get back to the lugger. Old Jack, who has a heart as soft and as big as a pumpkin, will be sure to take to the young ’un, if so be as he doesn’t slip his cable. Poor thing! He can’t speak! Yet it’s a fine lump of a child, too. Why, I declare the little fellow is a opening his eyes. That’s right, my boy. Cheerly! cheerly! How cold his limbs feel! There! cling to me, my dear. I’ll warm you.”

Will Vigors was a rough nurse. Nevertheless, he wrapped the child up carefully, and

got down into the boat with him—not an easy task.

Having arranged a hawser, and everything ready to take the Dutch Galliot in tow, they shoved off for the lugger.

“ Well, here’s a rum day’s work,” said old Jack as he received the child in his arms ; “ here’s a pet for my Nanny, anyhow.” And the old man dived down below to warm the child at the little cabouse fire in the fore cabin of the lugger. “ While there’s life there’s hope,” said the old sailor, dipping a piece of bread into some brandy, and putting it into the boy’s mouth. Then, heating a blanket piping hot, he wrapped it round the child, and placed him near the stove, carefully secured from any harm by the rolling of the lugger. Jack Morris did his best for the little stranger ; he had no other remedies. Brandy and hollands, internally and externally, always cured the ills to which he was subjected. So, having taken all the care he

could of the poor boy, he returned upon deck.

It was not without much labor and difficulty that the crew of the lugger managed to take the unwieldy galliote in tow, expecting her to sink in the heavy lurches she made in the seas. Nevertheless, they got her safe into the Cove before night fall, and secured her.

Jack then proceeded to look after his charge, and found the child in a profuse perspiration, and asleep. This pleased the old seaman much; so wrapping him up, he carried him ashore to his delighted daughters, especially the youngest, who declared he was the handsomest child she ever saw.

We are not quite prepared to state the mode of treatment used to restore the boy. All we do know is, that by noon next day he was as well as ever he was. Just as honest Jack was pondering in his own mind whether he was Dutch built, or what; the boy spoke some words in sound English,

which completely astounded Jack, though he felt monstrously pleased at this, to him, evident token that he was not a Dutchman.

But the boy seemed sadly at a loss to express all he wanted to say. Whether the suffering he had gone through (for he must have been a long period without nourishment) had injured his speaking, or he was backward for his age, was beyond the comprehension of Jack and his daughters; but he completely amazed them by jumbling up a confusion of persons and things, such as castles and soldiers, and Nurse Brady; and that his name was Cuth. something. But the rest baffled them; his garments were of the finest description, betokening wealth in his parents.

Old Jack was highly pleased; swore old ocean had treated him infinitely better than his departed wife—he had always prayed her to give him a son, and he was blessed only

with daughters. Little Cuth. should be his son—he would make a man of him, and a sailor, which was better.

In the mean time, the Dutch galliote was left high and dry the next day by the tide; and all the inhabitants of St. Mary's, great and small, with their worthy and really good pastor at their head, came to examine the prize of Jack Morris. The name on her stern, till the Reverend Mr. Trevillian arrived, puzzled the most learned of the island. It defied their spelling; and as to pronouncing, that was out of the question. At length, their pastor said her name was Hohengollenn, and that she hailed from Lieskenshoeck.

The worthy people rubbed their heads, and looked upon Mr. Trevillian with profound veneration.

He further told them this place with the hard name was on the River Scheldt, not a great way from Antwerp.

The galliote was as sound as a bell ; and only that she had knocked a hole in her bottom, in which was stuck an immense piece of rock, a quantity of sea-weed and other things sucked in afterwards, and which kept her from sinking—she was as good as ever. Jack, therefore, thought she was a capital prize, and he would sell her to some of the Falmouth traders.

Mr. Trevillian came and examined the child, took down the name of Cuthbert, and his nurse's name, Brady ; together with the day of the month, year, &c. ; in case, hereafter, it might serve to guide those who had lost the child and the vessel. He even proposed to write to Antwerp, and state particulars ; but, whether the good pastor's letter ever reached its destination, or not, we cannot say, for no notice was ever taken of it. In so remote a spot as St. Mary's, intelligence of distant places was rarely received, or indeed cared for.

In the course of a few weeks, a trader, from Falmouth, put into St. Mary's, and purchased

the galliote. Setting up jury masts, he took her to Plymouth.

The Island of St. Mary, though only little more than three miles long, and two broad, a most convenient size, as any of its inhabitants might walk round it before dinner, to see that no part of it was missing, contained, nevertheless, more inhabitants than all the rest. Still, the finding of the Dutch vessel, with the unpronounceable name—like every thing else in this world—was only a nine days' wonder.

Cuthbert Morris, as he was called, grew up a fine, handsome lad. Mr. Trevillian—himself a man of excellent education and great reading—took infinite pains with the boy.

The good clergyman was persuaded, in his own mind, by the beauty of Cuthbert's face and person, and the fineness and elegance of the garments found on him, that sometime or other, he would ascertain his origin, and discover that he was the lost child of wealthy parents.

As to old Morris, he loved the boy as a son. Both daughters married; and so Cuthbert remained with the old man. At fourteen, his feats of daring skill at sea astonished even the hardy pilots of the Scilly Islands.

But, at this period of his age, an event occurred that changed his destiny.

CHAPTER XV.

DURING the month of October, 1707, several tremendous gales of wind forced the Scilly pilots to keep to their snug coves. The sea ran in fearfully upon their iron-bound shores.

One terrible night, old Jack and his *protegè* were roused from their slumbers by the deep boom of heavy cannon, coming from seaward.

“ Ah !” said Jack, to his adopted son, “ those guns come from some big ship. They are heavy

guns. I fear, from the direction, she is struck on some of the Bishops. If so, she will perish, and every soul on board. Hark! there go the guns. Lord a mercy, what a night it is! Nothing made of wood will float long this weather bumping on our rocks."

"Could we not get the lugger out, father?" asked Cuthbert, anxiously; and try and save life?"

"Lord love you, boy! The canvas is not made that would stand this gale," replied old Morris. "We couldn't clear the mouth of the cove, unless the wind shifts to the westward."

With the morning's light, it *did* shift, after a deluge of rain; and Cuthbert, and the lugger's crew, close reefed their sails, and gallantly breasting the huge seas at the entrance, stood out in the direction they thought the guns came from in the night.

That fearful night, the gallant Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and all his crew, in his noble ship, "the

Association," totally perished ; with three other men-of-war—The Eagle, The Romney, and The Firebrand—returning from the Mediterranean to England. His loss filled the nation with mourning.

The crew of the lugger, with young Cuthbert urging them on, saved many things ; but the most important was the Admiral's body, and a large chest, clasped with iron, having the name of Grosvenor on it.

The Admiral's body was brought ashore and buried ; but a short time after, a brig of war came to the Islands, to investigate the loss of the ships, when the body of the Admiral was taken up, and conveyed to London, and afterwards buried in Westminster Abbey, while a midshipman's berth was offered to young Cuthbert for his gallantry ; and the family of Grosvenor afterwards declared they would do all in their power to forward his interest in the navy.

Cuthbert was frantic with joy—old Morris, though he grieved sadly over the loss of his *protegé* was persuaded by Mr. Trevillian not to baulk the lad's fortunes. Thus Cuthbert Morris became a midshipman on board a fine frigate.

As a midshipman, Cuthbert visited many parts of the world, and was in several actions in which he distinguished himself for gallantry, and strictly performing his duty. His six year's being passed, he underwent his examination, on his return to England, with great credit ; and, through the interest of Captain Grosvenor, was at once appointed third lieutenant of a first-class frigate ; and after some further service, in which he gained great credit and praise, he was appointed to the command of a revenue cruizer of one hundred and eighty tons, and received orders to sail with sealed directions for the coast of Ireland.

On passing the Scilly Islands, Cuthbert, then Captain Morris, lay-to off the little Island

of St Mary, and proceeded ashore. It was a day of jubilee in St. Mary's when the young Commander landed. Jack Morris, then eighty years old, was still hale and well, and was the very first to cheer the young sailor on landing. The old man rejoiced at beholding his adopted son, a Commander at seven and twenty, and as fine and handsome a man as any in the service of Great Britain. The aged parson was gathered to his fathers. So, after embracing his worthy, kind-hearted protector, shedding a tear over the grave of his pious instructor, and taking a careful copy of the pastor's entry in the parish books concerning himself, he bade adieu to the male part of the population of St. Mary's by heartily shaking their hands, and of the female by kissing their blooming cheeks, and then sailed for the coast of Ireland.

On the south-west coast of Ireland, scarcely four leagues from the entrance of Bantry Bay, is a very remarkable headland, called Three-castle head; and, a little further east, is the

Mizen head. These bold and picturesque promontories stretch out abruptly into the almost always troubled waters of the broad Atlantic. Perpetually exposed to the long rolling swell from the Bay of Biscay, and open to almost every point in the compass, the wild and rocky bases of these headlands are seldom, if ever, seen, unless wrapt in a cloud of foam from the angry surges that dash with sullen roar against their iron fronts.

Towards the decline of a short November day, during which a heavy south-west gale swept the surface of the ocean, ploughing its bosom with deep furrows, and sending in upon the iron-bound shore, the long mountainous swell, which, breaking, left the whole line of coast wrapt in a cloud of mist and spray.

Off this coast, about six miles, just between Three-Castle Head and the Mizen, lay a cutter-rigged craft, of some one hundred and eighty tons. She was lying-to; her head sea-ward,

under a reefed try-sail, foresail, and storm-jib, and her topmast housed.

She was a large cutter for the period we write of; and though she did not resemble your dashing wedge-shaped cutters of the present day, with their long, graceful counters, tall spars, and canvas enough in their mainsail alone to rig out even a Dutch settlement with unmentionables. Yet she was a fine seaworthy looking craft, rather bluff in the bows, perhaps, wide in the beam, and with high bulwarks. There was, altogether, something in her look as she rose and fell gracefully and easily on the storm-tossed billow, which broke at times across her bows, that would please a seaman's eye. The William and Mary (such was her name) had no long pennant flying from her housed top-mast, nor ensign from her peak. It was very evident she did not wish to be taken for a queen's ship.

The day was closing fast, and the appear-

ance of the approaching night was anything but agreeable. The low scud came in rapidly from seaward, and settling on the summits of the Mizen-head, wrapt them in its chill embrace, leaving naught for the eye to rest on—but a broken and troubled sea—and a dark tempestuous sky.

The Commander of her Majesty's cruizer, Captain Cuthbert Morris, just then came upon deck, casting a quick, comprehensive glance round and over his craft, then over the agitated water, and finally upon the thick masses of cloud driving before the blast. Turning to his lieutenant, a gentlemanly-looking man of about thirty years, he said—

“Mr. Haultight, this does not look very inviting. The gale is not done. We shall have a double dose of it to-night, by the look of the clouds.”

“Not a doubt of it, sir,” returned the lieutenant; “I was just going to propose to you,

if you would think it better, to draw off the coast a few miles further, at least for the night."

"What may be our distance from the Mizen Head?" asked Captain Morris, looking towards the point where the said Head ought to be.

"Something more than five or six miles, sir," said the lieutenant; "I got a glimpse of Three Castle Head a few minutes ago."

"Well," returned the Commander of The William and Mary, "we may draw off three or four miles without losing the advantage we have."

The order was given, the foresheet let draw, and the next instant the cutter was plunging her stout bows into the breaking seas, and casting their white spray over her deck. In less than an hour she reached the desired distance. The foresail was again hauled to windward; the watch was called, and everything being made as snug as possible, the captain

and his lieutenant retired to the cabin to their supper, leaving the cutter in charge of the next in command.

“You are not exactly aware, Mr. Haultight,” said Captain Morris, as they contrived, notwithstanding the heavy rolls of the cutter, at times, to make an excellent supper, and were now enjoying a consoling glass of Hollands, hot water, and sugar; “you are not exactly aware of the object of our visit to this coast. It is not alone the capture of this celebrated lugger, The Warhawk, but of a great political offender and his son—the latter commanding this fast vessel, The Warhawk. This notorious offender goes at present under the name of Fenwick, and is only hiding his deep designs under the guise of smuggling. He is said to have been the leader of those ferocious bands of rebels with O’Connor, of Glengariff, that committed such outrages in the west of Ireland in James’s time, or rather at the period of his landing in Ireland. These men were

disguised, they say, as King William's adherents. It is also thought, Fenwick is only an assumed name. He was afterwards known to be one of the conspirators joined to assassinate the late King William, and is now forming a conspiracy to bring back the Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain. He has held a commission in the Spanish service; and his son, whose feats aboard this craft, *The Warhawk*, are notorious for their daring, is even now, it is said, in the same service."

"What kind of a craft, sir, is this *Warhawk*?" asked the lieutenant.

Stretching his hand over to his desk, the captain took up a paper, and read aloud—"The *Warhawk* is a long, low craft, over one hundred and eighty tons burden, with a fine entrance, and a beautiful run aft; tremendous taunt spars—lugger, and, at times, schooner, rigged; her foremast further in-board than usual for a lugger; and her mizen-mast remarkably taunt, and the sail square. She carries six brass carro-

nades, and a complement of eighty men; has papers, &c., hailing from a Spanish port, and carries Spanish colours.' ”

“Rather a formidable craft for a smuggler, sir,” said Mr. Haultight; “and one, if very fast, should we fall in with her, might give us some trouble to overhaul her.”

“If we do not get within shot of her unawares, Mr. Haultight,” said Captain Morris, “I’m afraid the William and Mary, though a very fast vessel, will have something to do. I have information that both the Fenwicks are aboard the Warhawk this trip, and that she carries a very valuable cargo. Our Pilots—the two we have aboard—say she is the fastest craft afloat, and that her crew would fight her sooner than yield to a Queen’s cruizer.”

“If we can only get within gun-shot,” said the lieutenant, “we should cripple her.”

“Ah! that would do,” returned Captain Morris; “she was chased last year by the

Racehorse brig for eight hours, during which, I am told, she never once set her main lug, and ran her out of sight."

All the night it blew a heavy gale from the south-west; but, towards morning, a deluge of rain shifted the wind in a moment into the north-west, rending the heavy masses of cloud asunder like magic, sweeping the fog and mist from the face of the deep, and showing the horizon to the north clear and beautiful, the sun rising and throwing its glorious beams, wintry as they were, over the agitated billows, which lashed each other in angry opposition, caused by the sudden shifting of the wind.

Though the weather had thus cleared, a seaman's practised eye could easily detect, or foresee, a speedy return of the same southerly gale, as soon as the squall from the north-west had blown itself out.

Captain Morris was upon deck, eagerly scanning the horizon with his glass, while all

hands, also upon deck, were anxiously on the look-out, with their gaze bent upon the south-west quarter.

"There is a large bark, sir," said the lieutenant, "under jury masts, away to the south-east; and a large schooner working in for the land, but—"

"Strange sail in the sou'-west!" hailed a young midshipman who had gone aloft; "looks like a ship under her courses."

Captain Morris, after a time, made her out with his glass; and then, handing the glass to his lieutenant, he said—

"I think that craft looks like a lugger."

Mr. Haultight looked eagerly for several minutes.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed he, "she's a lugger, and a very large lugger, sir, with three masts—her fore-lug and her mizen only set; and, by all that's good!" he added, after another glance, "she's coming up with the old wind blowing hard."

“That’s our man, for a thousand pounds !” ejaculated Captain Morris, looking attentively at the advancing stranger. “This squall has nearly blown itself out. It lulls fast ; and it’s thickening up again. You see the south-west sea runs as fast as ever.”

By the Commander’s orders, the trysail was taken in, and the immense mainsail set with two reefs in it, and the jib shifted.

“How is the lugger standing now, Mr. Haultight?” inquired the captain.

“She appears to me, sir,” replied the lieutenant, “to have altered her position a little. There’s no doubt but this is the Warhawk—I see her three masts plainly, and her taunt and square mizen. She is making a direct course for Cape Clear.”

“Very good,” observed Captain Morris. “We must let her mistake us, if possible, for one of the large Northern cutters. Keep moving a-head, so as to cross her course, if we

can, or, at least, get her within shot of our long eights."

All was now anxiety and preparation aboard the William and Mary; the guns were all shotted, and every man was at his post. The Queen's cruizer carried six long eight-pounders, and had a crew of a hundred and forty men.

In less than an hour, the two vessels had approached within four miles of each other, when the William and Mary was taken aback with a sudden shift of wind. This gave a great advantage to the lugger. The wind now came in squalls, sometimes very heavy, then again a lull; while the scud blew in rapidly from seaward, the sea increasing surprisingly; all evident tokens of a very heavy gale.

As yet the lugger seemingly paid no attention to the cutter, but came on steadily under her fore-lug and mizen, with a very heavy sea rapidly increasing—Captain Morris perceived that, with his double-reefed mainsail, he would not be able to cross the lugger's bows; a reef

was, therefore, shaken out, though, as far as canvass was concerned, the William and Mary had quite sufficient in the squalls that increased in force.

Watching her attentively with the glass, Mr. Haultight exclaimed to his Commander—

“The lugger is hoisting her main-lug, and slightly altering her course. I fear she suspects us, sir. She is edging away.”

Captain Morris took his glass, and, steadily regarding the lugger, perceived she was evidently keeping in a position, so as to make all her sails draw: he saw clearly enough that she was remarkably fast, and carried her canvas in a surprising manner. Another reef was shaken out of the cutter's mainsail and foresail. The canvas she now carried made her stagger under its influence, and her mast bent with the immense pressure.

“I fear this Warhawk, sir, has the advantage of us in speed,” observed the lieutenant. “We shall scarcely get within range the way

she is now going. If we had her dead before the wind, we could carry our squaresail."

"I doubt it, Mr. Haultight, I doubt it. Our squaresail would bury us too much. At all events, if we are not within range, we are near it. Let us try our distance, and hoist our pennant and colours; for it's very clear she knows what we are."

Up went the colours, and bang went the long eight, but fell short. Immediately after, a wreath of smoke burst from the side of the lugger, and the report of a brass carronade answered their eight-pounder.

"Confound the fellow's impudence! though his gun was not shotted, but fired evidently in derision," said the lieutenant.

The two vessels were now within less than a mile and half of each other; and so well had the lugger manœuvred, and her speed was so great, that both vessels were then running several points off the wind, shaping their course for Cape Clear, wind and sea rapidly in-

creasing, and the squalls becoming dangerous from the quantity of canvas carried by both vessels.

While the crew of the William and Mary were intently watching the movements and manœuvres of the Warhawk, a violent and sudden squall tore over the face of the deep, driving the tops of the waves before it like a snow-drift, and burying the chaser and the chased in a cloud of mist.

For several moments, the lugger was hidden in the drift. So violent and heavy was the squall, that Captain Morris was forced to ease the cutter during its fury, lowering their fore-sail, and hauling up the tack of the mainsail, the cutter plunging madly into the boiling sea.

“She’s a deuce of a craft if she holds on in that squall,” said Mr. Haultight, giving himself a shake to get rid of the shower-bath he had been favoured with.

Anxiously they watched the squall as it careered onwards ; and presently the lugger

emerged from the mist, driving before the blast, without a sail lowered, having increased considerably her distance.

“I see how it is, Mr. Haultight,” said the captain. “That fellow will keep before us till night-fall, and then give us the slip. He drops us now, and out-carries us. She has immense beam, and is strong and well-handled.”

Thus the two vessels continued running before the gale. Somehow the William and Mary seemed to gain, as they were forced to run more before the wind. By this time, they were within four or five miles of the land, steering direct for Cape Clear ; but the coast was fast disappearing in a dense fog, and the roar of the surf could be heard even at that distance, as it dashed against that iron-bound shore.

“Were it not for that sudden shift of wind, Mr. Haultight,” said Captain Morris, “we should undoubtedly have crossed within five

hundred yards of her. That sudden shift gave her a decided advantage."

"And she is sure to keep it, sir," responded the lieutenant, in a tone of great vexation.

They had now passed Cape Clear, and shortly the Seven Heads hove in sight, the wind veering more to the southward, and blowing violently, forcing the lugger to lower her main-lug, while the cutter (to save her mast) hauled up the tack of her mainsail, and eased her peak-halyards.

After passing the Seven Heads, the lugger continued running dead before the wind, though the whole line of coast soon became hid in a dense fog ; so much so, that no sign of the old head of Kinsale could be seen. The cutter's main-sail tore her through the seas ; and yet they gained not an inch on the chase, though only under her fore-lug, when, suddenly hoisting her main-sail with a couple of reefs in it, and at once altering her course, the Warhawk ran right into the tremendous Race off the old

Head of Kinsale, and became completely lost to view in the mist and spray that hung over that formidable and much-dreaded Race of the tide, like a pall.

"I cannot take your vessel, your honour through that channel," said the pilot, touching his hat, and addressing Captain Morris, who looked confounded at the sudden disappearance of the lugger.

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. Haultight, "we do not draw more water than that lugger."

"The channel inside the Race is not fifty yards wide, your honour," rejoined the pilot; "and there are several rocks; besides, Captain, there's a back channel, and with the wind this way, she could wear, and, running round the black rocks, make for Courtmacherre, without your honour having a chance of seeing her in the dense fog along the shore."

There was no lighthouse at this period on the old Head of Kinsale; and on no part of

the coast of Ireland does there run a Race of tide so violent, or more dangerous than off the old Head.

It would have been risking her Majesty's craft to run further in; therefore Captain Morris, though deeply chagrined, ordered the cutter's head to be turned sea-ward, and her main-sail lowered. Night was rapidly approaching; and so dense was the fog, that scarcely the length of the vessel was to be seen. To follow his invisible foe, would, therefore, be madness.

"Confound that fellow," said Captain Morris, "he has led us a pretty dance. Perhaps he may have over-calculated his skill in clearing the Race, and is now ashore."

"No, your honour," said the pilot, who heard the observation, "no fear of him. He would run that channel blindfold—she's a mortal fast, and wonderful craft; and he's a daring seaman, is her captain. He may have run between the

Race of the head, and the bluff head itself. You might leap ashore on it, your honour. And then he had the whole sea clear before him, and, perhaps, may make a run for Bally Cotton, and land his cargo there. It's a famous place for running a craft full of smuggled goods into."

"We must gain a good offing, sir," said Mr. Haultight; "and to-morrow, if it clears, we can search all the coves and bays along this coast. He must run in somewhere."

"Yes. But do you see, Mr. Haultight, that though we may get hold of the lugger—and that I doubt—if she once makes a port or a landing, the two Fenwicks will escape; and thus the chief object of my being on this coast so long will be baffled. However, there is no help for it."

As the cutter turned her head seaward, they heard and felt the wild gusts rushing through her rigging with angry menace; while the

spray—dashed from her bows as she plunged into the head seas so as to gain a distance from the land—fell in sheets over her deck.

Having gained the desired distance, her Majesty's cruizer was hove-to—to take her rest for the night, shrouded in the mist that lay heavy over sea and land.

END OF VOL. I.



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